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AN "ART" PICTURE.

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'Tis strange that Art can weave a face
So radiant and divine,
So eloquent with thought and grace,
So beautiful as thine.
I almost see the warm blood seek
The blue veins on thy brow,
And glow upon thy pearly cheek,
So life-like seemest thou.

I love thy dark eye's sunny glow;
There's something in its glance
That tells thy heart is fond and free,
And full of love's romance;
The dimpled lake, the sky's soft glow,
Can no such charms impart,
As those which thou do mutely throw
Around the burning heart.

And o'er that bosom, white as snow,
Entwined in thy fairy finger,
Dark, dreamy, silky ringlets flow,
As if they loved to linger;
And blest as heaven are they blest,
Rocked in their sea wave motion,
Like shadows on thy tiny breast
Of some sweet mimic ocean.

Oh! could'st thou break the silent spell
That binds thy lips so long,
Each soft enchanting tone would tell
That thou wert born for song.
To me, Art's melody but mocks—
For, in the gilded South,
The softest, sweetest music box
Is woman's rosy mouth.

How fair the daughters of the sun,
Those black eyed, sparkling things,
Those jewels of the Holy One,
Those angels without wings.
One golden look, one crystal tear,
One sweet, emphatic word,
Is worth the wealth of Ind., so dear,
Or all we've seen or heard.

Lo! the dreams of love fled by, yet sweet,
Come back to me again,
Like parted angels when they meet
In Aiden's dear domain.
And gazing in those orbs of light,
Did I but know thee, girl,
I'd brave the battle's fiercest fight
For one bright smile or curl!

New Orleans, La., Nov. 25th, 1870. CHARLIE CLIFFORD.

TOM BLIGHT THE GROOM;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF DOSMERRY POOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTED SISTERS," &C.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"The battle's chance
Brings change of pockets—light for heavy ones;
Lank purses; or for old ones but their room."
SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Rosebud could neither scream nor cry as she was borne along by a pair of strong arms for a few paces, and then pushed into a vehicle which stood waiting at a little distance. She could scarcely breathe, and she struggled violently to escape from the stifling shawl over her head. The man, fearing, perhaps, that she would be smothered, loosened the muffler round her head, and to her horror she recognised Jonathan Trout.

"Ah!" she screamed. "You! Let me go! Let me go!"

"Sit still!" he said fiercely, "or I'll gag you."

"But where are you taking me? What are you going to do?"

"I'm taking you back to your father and mother; they've been uncommon anxious about you, they have."

"They are not my father and mother!" shrieked the girl, and Trout gave a long whistle.

"Phew!" he said. "How much does she know, I wonder? Who can have put that into her head?" but he expressed no surprise to her.

"That's news, that is," he said, with a sneer. "What fine notions have you got hold of now? You'll have to alter your note, my fine young lady, and mend your ways. You won't be so free to come and go after this little outing of yours, I can tell you."

But Rose continued to scream, and more than one person began to run by the side of the cab to see what was the matter.

"Hold your noise, I tell you!" he said furiously, giving her a by no means gentle shake, and, finding that of no use, he struck her with such force that, overcome with fright and the sudden blow, she fainted away.

"She's quiet now, any way," he said to himself, propping her up in a corner, and quiet she remained till the cab stopped at the dirty entrance to Burridge's Rents.

Lifted out of the cab, Rose came partially to herself—the keen night air revived her and she stared wildly around her.

"Come along," said Trout, roughly, as she staggered and would have fallen but for his supporting her. "None of your nonsense now."

"Hullo!" said a policeman, sauntering up. "What are you doing to that girl?"

"Nothing; mind your own business."

"It is my business; the girl's afraid of you and don't want to go. Who are you, my lass? I know *him* well enough."

"She's Tom Barton's daughter, that's who she is, and you'd know her too if you took the trouble to look."

"I'm not—indeed I'm not!" said Rose, hardly knowing what she did say in her terror; but the policeman gravely turned his lamp full on her face.

"I do know you, my girl, sure enough; it's no use to deny you're Barton's girl—no one could forget your face in a hurry. Just loose her, Trout—you've no call to use her like that."

"I've had trouble enough to get her; she's like a wild cat."

"Loose her, or I'll make the place too hot to hold you in two minutes."

Sullenly enough he untied the shawl he had fastened round her arms, but still kept tight hold of her.

"Go on," he said, and she obeyed without a word, only looking back at the policeman, who, now he had done what he considered his duty, walked away and disappeared round the nearest corner.

Rosebud was desperate; she knew every lane and alley of this squalid neighborhood, and she resolved upon an effort. Suddenly wrenching herself free, she started down a dark passage, which led from the rents to the waste ground under the railway arches.

For very life she ran—fear lent her wings, but at the far end she was checked by coming violently against a man who seemed to be hiding there.

"Hullo!" he said. "Where are you going to!" and then, as Rose recoiled in terror, with a startled exclamation he caught her by the arm.

"Rose, by the Lord!" he exclaimed, and she knew it was the man she had so long deemed her father, Tom Barton!

"You!"-exclaimed Jonathan Trout, as he met Barton emerging from the passage, dragging the girl after him.

"Yes, me."

"I thought you were in the country."

"So I was, but I heard as you and the old woman meant to do the job without me, so I came back; I don't mean to be out of it, I can tell you. You don't seem glad to see me."

"You ought to be glad to see *me*. I found that girl of yours and brought her back."

"And let her go again—why, man, she'd been safe off if she hadn't run against me. She's a slippery one, she is. Where was she, if her father may make so bold to ask?"

"At my Lord Galton's."

"Ah, I thought as much—walk up them stairs, my lady; it's little chance you'll have of being at my Lord Anybody's for some time to come."

And looking carefully from side to side, to see that there were no hostile eyes upon him, Tom Barton pushed his daughter up the dilapidated staircase into the squalid rooms she remembered so well. Mrs. Barton received her runaway daughter with ironical politeness, for she was half drunk, and ushered her into the familiar little room, which was dirtier than ever. Rose's heart sank when she heard the key turned upon her, and she sank upon the squalid bed, to try and collect her scattered thoughts. She heard loud altercations in the next room, her father accusing Trout and her mother of wanting to swindle him out of his share of something (she could not understand what yet), and the pair as violently retaliating. Presently the squabble ceased and she heard the clatter of plates and the clinking of glasses—they were making peace over the bottle, and presently Meg Barton brought her some food and some beer in a dirty can. She ate and drank, though the effort almost choked her, for she knew the necessity of not giving way if she could help it, and, throwing herself all dressed as she was, on the wretched bed, she fell fast asleep. In the morning her mother again brought her some food, but this time with a kinder manner.

"You must eat and drink, or you'll be ill," she said. "You're father wants you by and by. Don't be afraid, he aint going to hurt you nor miscall you either, though he was very angry at your running away from us like that."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the girl, timidly.

"Do with you? well that's a good one. What should people do with their own child? Make you work, to be sure—to keep yourself and us. But there, I don't want to scold you now I've got you back again. It was nat'ral, may be, as you should like to live in a grand house better than in this hole—and it *was* a grand house, wasn't it, deary?"

"Yes."

"And lots of servants?"

"Yes."

"And you know your way all about it? All up and down the grand stairs, and through the passages, eh?"

"Yes, pretty well," replied Rose, thinking that her mother had gone suddenly mad, and staring at her in perplexity, "what makes you ask?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. I was curious, that's all. One likes to hear about these grand places sometimes. Mind, if your father asks you any questions, answer him straight, and don't say you don't know. He's handy with his fists, he is, and he's had a deal to put him out lately."

Rose wondered, but she ate her breakfast as well as she could, and then sat listening intently to what she could hear of the doings in the next room. She heard Trout and the Rook come in, and the rustling of paper, as though they spread something out on the table; then there seemed to be a good deal of puzzling over something they could not comprehend.

"These here are clear enough," she heard her father say, "but how you get from here to here is what I can't see, and most of the swag is stowed here you say."

"Heavy plate and such like; gold cups and silver forks and spoons; what we want most is up stairs. Now the man as gave me these knew nothing about that."

It was Trout's voice that spoke, and Rose wondered what they were talking about.

"She knows," her mother said, jerking her thumb towards the inner room.

"Then she shall tell us," said her father, with an oath.

"Take care how you go to work, Tom; she's a spirity creature; you'll have to coax her a bit, may be."

"*I'll* coax her!" he replied, brutally; "I'll coax her with a stick if she dares to disobey me! Bring her out!"

"I don't think that way 'll do, Blaster," said Trout; "she may peach if you beat her."

"Peach! Bah! Whose she to peach to, I should like to know? she aint going out of that there room till the job's done. Peach! If I'd thought that I'd——"

"No, you wouldn't, Tom, don't be a fool; you wouldn't cut her throat or any one else's; you fear the hangman too much. Bring her out, Meg, and let's see what she can tell us. I don't believe it's much, for they kept her up like a lady; she was too good for the servants' hall yonder."

Meg Barton unlocked the door and bid the terrified Rose come out. Seated at the ricketty table were her father and his two companions, and before them two pieces of paper, scrawled with lines and written words. All three of the men had been drinking and the fumes of gin clung about them and everything in the room.

"Come here, my lass," said her father roughly, but not harshly. "Did you ever see the countess' jewels when you were yonder?"

"Yes."

"Often?"

"Twice."

"Who showed them to you?"

"My lady, once, Mrs. Bretton the other time."

"And you know where they are kept?"

"Yes."

"I knew we should get at it, bye and bye," he said, with a laugh, "and where are they kept, Rose?"

"In my ——" she stopped suddenly, "my lady's dressing-room," were the words upon her lips, but it flashed upon her that those men had no business to know, and that moreover the ladies' jewels were all contained in a little case that might so easily be carried off; a box no bigger than she had formerly used to store her slender wardrobe in and she broke off and was silent.

"Well?"

"I—I don't know—that is, I can't tell," she faltered.

"You do know, and will tell," thundered her father, seizing her by the arm and leaving the prints of his fingers upon her white skin. "And you'll tell us, too, the way about the house, and how to get up stairs. You shant have idled there for nothing."

He dragged her forward to the table where the two rough drawings lay.

"Look at those," he said. "This here's the ground floor of my lord's house, and this is the grand drawing-room flat. This is the bed-room, and now you'll just look at 'em and tell us where there's doors and where there aint from one room to another, and all about the locks and everything."

"I'll die first."

"What?"

"I won't speak a word; my lady was good to me and I won't help you to rob her."

"Then we'll take you into the house and leave you to be took up and hanged."

"Whatever you do I won't tell you what you want to know."

Tom Barton rose in a fury and rained blows thick and fast on the girl's head and shoulders before either of them could stay his hand.

"You won't speak, won't you?" he yelled. "Then take that and that!"

The blood flowed from a great cut in Rose's head, but she kept silent and Trout seized her father's arm.

"You go the wrong way, Blaster; leave the girl alone."

But the Blaster was mad with rage and drink.

"Will you tell us?" he shouted.

"No."

The "no" was very faint and feeble, but it was audible enough; the spirit was not to be crushed, though the body might be.

Another crashing blow before they could interfere and Rose lay mercifully insensible to further abuse.

"You'll have the devil's own work with her, now, she said; "if you'd left her to me, I'd have wheedled it out of her as easy as anything."

"You be hanged, and wheedle it out of her now, if you can," was her husband's reply.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Sleep, little baby, sleep,
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast,
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead." ANON.

While litle Rosebud thus shrank and trembled under the persecution of the man towards whom she could feel none of a daughter's love, and Tom Blight, after having satisfactorily proved the fact of his existence, had vanished, there was bitter anxiety and sorrow in the house of Galton

The litle heir had come at last, but so feeble and puny a creature that they watched for every fleeting breath to take his life away with it. The Countess was herself again, but so feeble and prostrate that her recovery seemed impossible, and the doctors could do nothing. Lord Galton was in despair; she shrank from him, and when her father bent over her with loving concern she would moan and turn her head away. When only the nurses were there she would lie perfectly still, never speaking or moving, but with wide open eyes that made them all very anxious because of their sleeplessness. Such opiates as they dare give her were of no avail; she never asked for the child nor expressed any concern about it. At length, on the third day after its birth, she said suddenly to the doctor:—

"Send those women away and let Bretton nurse me."

Now Lord Galton had spoken to the physician, begging him to forbid Bretton's attendance in the sick room, as her presence seemed to excite his wife in some way, and to Bretton's extreme indignation she had not been permitted to wait upon her lady. Now, however, when so much depended upon it, the injunction was withdrawn. The first day of her attendance made but little difference; Lady Galton seemed pleased, but there was the same apathy and sleeplessness. Night brought a change—when all was still, and the nurse in the next room fast asleep, she said, suddenly:—

"Now you can speak to me. Shut that door."

"It is shut, my lady."

"And the woman asleep?"

"Yes."

"Give me some wine; I want to be strong enough to talk to you?"

"Oh, my lady, try and sleep!"

"Sleep! How can I sleep, with my heart burning as it does to speak to some one. Give it to me, Bretton, and be faithful to me a little longer."

Bretton did as she was desired and sat down quietly again, determined to let her say [illegible] she would, but not to tell her more than was necessary.

M'LLE ALEXANDRINA, Premiere Danseuse.

"They think I don't remember," she said, "they try to soothe me, but I know it's only because I am ill that I have not been accused of murder. Tell me, Bretton, is all the world talking about me—is my husband disgraced though me?"

"No, my lady."

"They are kind to wait so long, but he will be; my re-appearance—if I live—will be the signal. They will carry me off to Newgate; think of that!"

Her eyes began to glitter, the idea had evidently taken hold of her mud.

"Think of my wrists with handcuffs on," she said wildly. "Pretty ornaments, won't they be?"

Bretton took hold of both her hands and looked at them steadily.

"My lady," she said, "listen to me. You have been too ill to be talked to about things, or you should have had your mind relieved before. No such thing will ever happen to you."

"Why not?"

"Because the accusation is false. You know it; I know it now."

"But they don't—the police."

"Yes they do, my lady."

"How?"

"*He* told them."

"*He?* Then the world knows—my husband. Ah! Death were better than this!

"No one knows as yet," she replied, steadying her voice by a great effort. "Nothing is done, or will be done. If I did not believe that the distress and anxiety are killing you I should not have spoken a word about it; it is no time to worry you with such misery, but you may believe me when I swear that the secret is safe. It is known only to one person save himself and me."

"And that is——"

"One who will not speak, be sure of it."

"And you saw him?"

"I did."

"And spoke to him?"

"Yes—I went to identify him—to have him declare himself to save the police being sent here to arrest you. I hope I have done right in telling you my lady, but I know when you wanted me to nurse you that your heart was sore for some one to speak to."

"It was—it was—it is lighter now. I must get well and clear all up. For that poor baby pray Heaven with me that he may die. To-morrow I will tell Lord Galton all."

"Oh, my lady?"

"I will, the knowledge will be worse than the dreadful suspicion he must feel when he hears hints that his wife is a murderer. I shall sleep now, Bretton."

She did sleep, and in the morning was so much better that the doctor was astonished, and for the first time gave her husband and father definite hopes of her recovery. If the medical men were pleased, Lord Galton and Sir Hugh were delighted.

"What have you done, Bretton?" the former asked in rapture.

"Helped to set my lady's mind at rest," was the answer. "She wanted that more than medicine."

"But how? there was no truth in that wicked letter?"

"No, my lord, but my lady will tell you all when she is better."

"All what? How mysterious you are! But never mind so the joyful change has come. Have you heard anything of that miserable child yet?"

"Nothing my lord."

"Oh, it shows the ingratitude of such people; it is well she has done no more harm than running away. Be sure and call me the moment I can come to your lady."

But it was some time before Lord Galton was called to his wife's side. Breakfast was hardly over in the library when Bretton appeared with a troubled face. Sir Hugh and his son-in-law both started to their feet.

"What is it?" they asked.

"It is the baby, my lord," she replied in a low voice, "will your lordship please come up stairs; I think he should be baptised at once."

That he should be baptised had been the opinion of every one as soon as the weakly little creature came into the world, but Lord Galton would not have the rite performed. It seemed to him like a tacit admission that his long counted heir could not live, and for the past three days he had lived in a dream of a future of hope and gladness with his heir by his side. He was a young man yet, and might live to see his son grow up, to share his pursuits, to dandle his children on his knee maybe, and to leave behind him a worthy successor to his titles and honors. It was a rough awakening to be summoned to see his son baptised lest he should die, but there was no help for it; one convulsion painful to see had already passed over the little limbs, and the frightened nurses declared the infant could not live an hour. Lord Galton sent for the nearest clergyman and the handsome nursery was hastily arranged for the ceremony. Bretton's tears fell as she draped a table for a temporary alter, and arranged what was necessary, though she could not but rejoice that the poor baby was spared the misery which must inevitably follow the disclosures that were soon to come. Her lady took the news very quietly.

"Better so, better so," she said, and then asked to see the child.

They laid it beside her for a little while, and she kissed the tiny waxen features.

"Call him Hugh, she said, when they took him away, "Hugh Leicester." And then she turned her head away and wept tears that Bretton rejoiced to see, for they were a relief to her overcharged heart. It was a sad ceremony that the sun shone upon in that noble house; it was strange there should be no woman there but hireling nurses, but both Lord and Lady Galton were singularly short of female relations, and his lordship, since his wife's illness, had shrunk from inviting any of her friends to be with her.

She did not want them, she said, she was better alone. And so it happened that no one but Sir Hugh Pendarvis and a group of servants stood with the earl beside that impromptu font, and it was his lordship himself who gave his son into the clergyman's arms and named him as his mother had wished—Hugh Leicester. And the prayers were said and the holy water touched the little face with the ineffaceable sign of the cross, and Hugh Leicester Gwynne was received into the church militant on earth. Alas only for a moment! The words were scarcely spoken before the little, sinless soul was summoned to make one of the church triumphant in Heaven. The clergyman looked frightened.

"I—I think it is ill," he said, stopping the service as the little head rolled upon his arm in a final convulsion.

Bretton took the infant, the clergyman said a hurried prayer and it was over. The heir had been baptised only to *die*, and Lord Galton's hopes were once more at an end. He pushed them all aside when they would have spoken words of consolation.

"Let me alone," he said, "are you sure he is dead? It may be only a fit—a spasm—let me look at him!"

"There's no hope my lord none," said the nurse who held the infant. "There wasn't from the first, pretty dear. Ah, my lord, if wishing and looking would bring him back to life, it wouldn't be long before he'd be as hearty and strong as the little ladies."

"Will your lordship please to come down stairs now?" Bretton asked, respectfully, for he still stood gazing at the child, "there is much to be done."

He aroused himself with an effort, and apologising to the minister, who was preparing to take leave and walked straight down to the library and shut himself up.

"Won't you go to Clara, Galton?" asked Sir Hugh.

"When she sends for me," was the curt reply. "I beg your pardon, Sir Hugh," he said, seeing the pained look on the baronet's face, "you cannot tell what this is to me!"

"Yes, I can, I saw my own heirs die one after the other, and my name die with them," he replied, grasping his son-in-law's hand. "Your name will be handed down to goodly sons yet, never fear."

But even as he spoke his face clouded with pain, and when he looked at the little corpse the women were busy with, he said audibly:—

"Thank heaven!"

"Thank heaven that he didn't suffer much," said the nurse, mistaking his meaning.

"For that, and a mercy you know nothing about, as well."

"Indeed, sir."

"That he is dead, that is the mercy."

"Is the old gentleman crazy?" she asked, as he too, left the room.

"No, he isn't," said Bretton shortly, and that was all the satisfaction the nurse could get."

It fell to the woman who had borne so much, with and for her mistress, to tell her that the child was dead, but she need have no fear. Like her father Clara was thankful, how thankful a woman with such a future before her alone can tell. She asked for her nuband and bade Bretton bring him.

"He will be heart broken," she said, with a sad smile, "until I tell him."

"You will not do that to-day my lady?"

"No, I will let him bury his heir first," she replied, "fetch him; I will try and comfort him."

Heart broken, indeed, the earl was; Bretton knocked twice without receiving any answer, and then opened the library door. Lord Galton sat at the table, his head bowed upon his hands. Already silver threads were beginning to show themselves among his brown curls, and his face to be lined with tokens of care.

"My lord!"

"I thought I said I wished to be alone."

"I beg your pardon, my lord, my lady wishes to see you."

"I will come directly."

His haggard face touched her, and she spoke with the freedom of an old servant.

"Oh, my lord, it is best, indeed it is!"

"Best! Nonsense! I am in no mood for trite truisms, now; leave me."

"My lady sees it, my lord; she can say 'thank God!' so will you."

"Thank Heaven that my boy lies dead! Why?"

"She will tell you, my lord, I dare not."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"To whom the goodly earth and air,
Are banned and barred—forbidden fare." BYRON.

Rosebud came to her senses again on her pallet bed to hear a quarrel running high in the next room and to feel the cool air blowing upon her from the broken panes of the battered window. Her mother was standing over her bathing her forehead with water and looking at her with mingled anger and concern.

"That's right; you're coming round all right now, ain't you?" she asked.

"Yes; what's the matter?" asked Rose, feebly.

"Matter! Why you went again your father as I told you not and he hit you; I was most sleared he'd killed you, child."

"Oh, I wish he had—I wish he had!"

"Nonsense, girl, no one wishes to die at your age; see that you answer him right next time, or you'll catch it worse, I can tell you; see, sit up and let me do your hair a bit."

Rose sat up sick and giddy, but her senses were coming back and she was resolute.

"It's no use," she said. He may kill me if he likes, but I'll never say a word to harm my lady."

"No one wants you to "harm my lady," said Meg Barton, in a mocking tone. No one is going to hurt her. All they want to know is the way about the house."

"And they shall never know it from me; I would rather throw myself out of the window there, or starve to death shut up in this room, than tell them what they want to know."

"Then its like you will starve for you'll get neither bite nor sup beyond what I've brought you, till you'll do your father's bidding as a girl should."

There was a hunch of coarse bread and a can of water on the table, and Meg Barton pointed to them and left the room. Rose heard the door locked upon her with strange apathy, and then the babel of tongues that followed her mother's re-appearance.

"Well?" asked Barton, with an oath. "What have you made of her?"

"Nothing."

"She's come to?"

"Yes; and she swears she'll die before she does it?"

"Then she shall die, by ——! I'll break every bone in her cursed young carcase, but I'll make her do as I bid her."

"Tom, quiet ways first," said Trout. "If she's shut up there, with nothing to eat for a couple of days, she'll do what you want her for a crust of dry bread, and won't need any beating."

"Obstinate young imp," said the Rook, "really, are we to wait for her whims?"

"Twould be the safest way of going to work; if my lady was well instead of dying as they say, and if I hadn't been rolled as I was down yonder, I would make her let me into the house, but a cove would only get took up as tried to get speech of her now. I've found out that much, and more, I know that they're pretty much off their guard, what with the heir being born and all that."

"But if the girl won't tell after all?" said the Rook.

"Then we won't take her with us, and if we're spotted, swear she did, and she'll have her share of what we get through her sneaking."

"Ah, two days shut up there'll square her," said Trout, confidently; but he little knew Rosebud's resolution.

Sick and silent she sat resting her aching head upon her hands, listening to the conversation in the next room, and dimly wondering, in a dull, apathetic sort of way, whether they would really kill her if she refused to do their bidding. By and by she heard them go out, and evening began to draw on. From what they had said she gathered that they had gone to some place of amusement and she shuddered at the long, lonely hours she should have to spend in that dreary room. Presently she fell asleep and dreamed that Mrs. Bretton was calling her and that she could not rise. She struggled with the bonds that seemed to hold her and sat up. The dream was gone, but the voice was still there, calling:—

"Rose! Hist! Rose!"

She knew it, and sprang to the window. There was the man who was so mysteriously mixed up in her fate, crouching, as of old, on the parapet of the arch.

"All out, arn't they?" he said.

"Yes."

"Ah, I saw them all go; open the window, wide, there's a good girl; I'm coming in."

She did his bidding as she had done before. And once more he flung himself across the gap and stood in the dirty room. He struck a match and lit an end of candle he had brought with him, and then sat down, gathering the child towards him and kissing her lips and forehead.

"My darling!" he said. "My poor bruised little dove! Is this the way they use you? My pet! But it will soon be over."

Despite her fears, Rose clung to him as a protector, and felt herself cheered by his caresses. Before long she had told him all—everythig they had said and done to her and what they wanted her to do.

"Curse them! Could they find no other way than through an innocent child?" he murmured, then putting his arm around her he said:—"My dear will you trust me?"

"You have been very good to me," she faltered, "I think I will."

"If you will, I will take you back to the place you have come from—to the lady who was so kind to you. Seem to comply with these wretches, tell them all they want to know, and be sure I will save both you and Lady Galton from their schemes."

"Tell them the way about the house!" said the child.

"Oh no, no, they are going to rob it!"

"I know, I have listened to their schemes. Tell them, Rose, I will be there to baulk them.

But Rose's powers of attention were small, the giddiness engendered by the cruel blows she had received crept over her again, and she was sinking down, when his strong arm caught her.

"I do believe they have killed the child!" he muttered, pulling a flask from his pocket and applying it to her lips. The strong spirit it contained nearly choked her, but it had its effect, and she sat up again.

"I will bring you some food, my darling," he said, "something you can eat, and to-morrow I will take you away from this place. They will wait a day or two before they try on this little game of theirs before they do, you shall be safe out of their hands, but they shan't starve you in the interval."

He kissed her again and again, and was gone. How, she hardly knew in the darkness, for he left her with no light save that which came from the lights of the railway alone. That he was not far off she knew, for a packet came flying through the window, containing food that she could eat, and she took it thankfully, and felt revived. She heard her father and mother come in, and settle themselves to their night's rest, without troubling about her, farther than to make sure that she was safely fastened in, and she, too, lay down to rest, refreshed and strengthened by what her strange protector had sent her. In the night Meg Barton opened the door and looked at her, but she feigned sleep and never stirred, though the light of the coarse candle flared upon her face, and she could hear every word her parents spoke.

"All right, eh?" asked Tom Barton. "Ah, I knew I hadn't hurt her much".

"You did, Tom; she's awfully pale, and she hasn't touched a bit of bread."

"She'll be glad enough to touch it before she comes out of that room. Come along and leave her alone, for to-night at any rate."

In the morning Rose heard more; she heard of the little heir, and, moreover, that the attempt on the plate and jewels was put off till after the funeral.

The house is all awake and watching," Trout said, detailing the circumstances, "the servants say they seem on the lookout for something, no one seems quite to know what."

"I've got the young 'un under lock and key, or I should think she'd got out and peached; she's taking it uncommon quiet, she is."

"Then she means mischief, depend on it," Trout replied, "them quiet ones are never to be trusted."

"I can trust her because of this," he said, showing the key. "If she won't help us she shan't betray us; but she'll get hungry and come round."

But Rose didn't get hungry. Her bread remained untasted, but she made no complaint. Her mysterious visitor supplied her with food and ale, enjoining her to throw the bottle out of the window, and leave no trace of any help having come to her. She did it, wondering; but she was half afraid to obey his other behest and tell the wretches who were persecuting her, what they wanted to know.

"Do it, dear," he said, "they little know how their plans will be bauked; you and I will be there."

"But I can't get out."

"Never say can't where I'm concerned. Only trust me, and you shall be at Lord Galton's safe and sound before they are."

When Rose was dragged out of her room by her father at the end of the two days and roughly pushed into a chair—instead of the weak, trembling creature he expected, she was none the worse for her confinement, except that she looked pale and wan. Her eyes were bright and her step firm, and there was no trembling in her hands.

"What's come to the girl?" growled Tom Barton to himself. "Have the fairies been a feeding her, I wonder, she's so perky like. Now, Rose, look here; you've got to take us all about this here house. It won't make a ha'porth of difference to 'my lady,' as you call her, whether you do so or no; her and me shall go all the same, but it'll make a deuce of a difference to you, almost as much as between life and death."

"Don't frighten the girl, Tom," said Rook, "there's no call for her to be frightened; I only want her to do as she's bid, and I won't hurt her. Now, Rose, you see them plans?"

"Yes, father."

"And you know the way about the house?"

"Yes, father."

She spoke like a little automaton, and they stared at her in surprise.

"And you'll tell your father, deary, what he wants to know?" said Lucy Barton.

"Yes, mother."

Still the same strange manner—the same apathetic way of speaking; and Rose, her eyes bent upon the coarse plan, pointed out every door and passage in Lord Galton's house to the men who were going to rob those who had been her benefactors.

"It would have saved time and trouble if you'd have done it at first," her father said, when he had marked every item of her information on the paper. "But better late than never," they say. "On Thursday night we'll risk the job; this is Tuesday. Till after its over your mother 'll just take care of you with that key of hern, but you shan't starve this time, my lass, you shall live like a lady. Give her some supper Lucy, she must be hungry."

But Rose could not eat—her heart was full.

"Let me go, let me go," she said, and flinging herself on her bed she wept as though her heart would break. Her mother brought her tempting food; at least tempting according to the notions of Burridge's Rents, not, strong and high flavored, but she could not eat. She was possessed with the idea of treachery on all sides, even on the part of her strange friend, who did not come to console her. The weary day wore on and Rose was alone with her miserable thoughts, listening to the plans of the gang in the next room and the sharpening and arranging of tools, till her very heart grew sick. Thursday, and this was Tuesday, and she shut up and unable to warn her benefactress of the evil at hand. If she could only see a policeman; but none came into the howling waste under the railway arch, and she dared not scream out to attract attention on the railway, lest her merciless jailers should hear her, and perhaps kill her. She heard discourse on masks and screws, and all sorts of things pertaining to the expedition, and she knew that her mother was busy preparing for a total move of the whole family whenever the robbery was over. She strove to eat when her meals were brought her, but her heart sank when Wednesday night arrived, and no signs of deliverance for her, or failing of their attempt. That evening as soon as it was dark, they all went out, carefully locking her up before they left the house. Her supper was left for her as usual.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she wailed, wringing her hands and peering down into the darkness.

Poor child, she was wondering if she could tear up her miserable sheets and let herself down.

"Don't try it, Rose," said the voice of her protector, "you'd break your neck, child."

She gave a glad exclamation, and he sprang across into the room, bringing a thick rope with him.

"Quick, child, the time is come," he said, seizing her in his arms, "the deed is to be done to-night."

"No, to-morrow."

"To-night, I tell you; they are gone now, we have a couple of hours to the good—we'll foil them yet."

TO BE CONTINUED.

MY VISITOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Down from the hills the wintry gale
Howls with a fierce and cutting blast,
'Mid driving sleet and icy hail
The drifting snow is falling fast.

Who is it at my door doth stand?
An aged man with sorrow bowed,
With long grey hair, and staff in hand,
Once and again he knocketh loud.

"Enter! On such a night as this—
Such as no mortal ever saw—
The heart is full of charities;
Enter and share my humble store.

"Who are you? Speak! old father Time,
With weighty years your form has bent."
With low, sad voice, he answered, "I'm
The landlord and I want the rent!" J. H. B.

"OUD ON DER FLY."—NO. 18.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

So you don'd dink much of Alpany, hey, Sharley? Vell you'll like id bedder after you'fe been here dirdy or fordy years. You mustn't make oud your mind so quick boud der blace. Id's a nice blace enough, Sharley, for dem dot likes id bud I radder dink ve vind some of dem kind of beople. Dere is von ding against Alpany und dot is der unsociableness of most efery von in der blace. Dese old Knickerbockers, dot vas borned und brinked ub here, und deir crandfarders und crandmudders before dem, all der vay back to der dime ven Adam vas durned oud of der Garden of Eden (vich is boud six miles from here), dese old Knickerbockers der fraid ding dey do, ven dey gid oud of bed in der morning, is to durn a summersed und gife danks dot dey vas borned in Alpany und dey nefer leefed anyveres else. Alder dot dey gid down und ead a couple of shdurgeons und den go oud und schoob ub mempers of der Legislature. Ven dere aind any mempers of der Legislature roun' dey cadch dies.

Dey're all on dere roast, Sharley, from der leed'esd roosders you meed to der biggest, und dey kin dell a New Yorker so far dot dey kin saw him, und der vay dey go for him vas a caushun to all dem shmall animals dot greebs for a liing. Dey'll pud ub all kinds of chons to cadch a sucker, und of dey can'd got der bead of you von vay dey'll dry anudder. Mead any of dem is villing to sell a dree cend biece for a half a dollar, und if you kick dey'll square dings mit you by ledding you hafe id for fifdy cends. Oh, I dell you, Sharley, dese fellers is oil und you musdn'd made any mistakes boud dem neider. Der brad ding von of dese roosders says ven he commences to dalk is "make me a bage!" und ven dey are veaned dey are ready for der biace. Dey dike so nadurally to "macing" as a duck does to vater und der older dey grow der bedder dey gid at id. Ven a leech is full he vill fall off, ven a hog's got blendy he is ready to lay down und grund, bud dese fellers ne'er grid, dey nefer id vas, dey'm always shgweating for more, und der oney dime dey led go deir hold is ven der vind is shgwoze oud of dem.

Dey aind all dot vay dough, Sharley, dere's a goot many nice beeples in Alpany—a goot many nice beeples; bud you musd gid oud a jerk-varrant to found dem. Alder you vonce find dem you'm all righd. I know some of der finest beeple in der world dot leef up here—real nice beeple—I know you voond bleef me, bud dot's so nefer-derlesaly, und from der boddom of my heard I always bidy dem boor beeples venefer I see dem und jusd becauss dey leef in Alpany. Dake der legislaidure avay from dis biace und dook my vord for id, dot voodn'd be dwo years before all der life beeples vood mofe oud, und der biace vood be mongnsd der missing. Id's healdy here dough, Sharley, awful healdy; dey very seidom hafe a fooneral, und venefer dey do hafe von all der nilidary durn oud. Der reason of dot is dot efery von of dot leefs here is a bolidishian, und you know, so vell as I kin dold you, dot bolidishians don'd nefer resign und very seldom are foolish enuf to die, exbeshially of dey hafe god a goot fat office dot's baying dem boody vell. Vat are you laming ad—you don'd bleef me? I bed you.

Ven I first shdarded in I vas going to boint oud to you some of der mempers—dot is some of de principal vons—und I was going to dold you a leedle abond dem, bud I guess der besd vay vill be nod to gonfine ourselfs to mempers alone bud schoob in any von dot habbens to come along, from His Excellend Excellency der Gofenor to von of der Slingers-of-ink for der newspapers. Ve musd be careful dough, Sharley, vat ve say aboud some of dem fellers, cause ve might god a couple of heads pud on us, und dot, you know, voodn'd be so bleasant. Some of dese fellers are very vicked und dey vood dink no more boud valking off mit a bair of young fellers like us, dan dey vood of drying to shmuggle a ton of coal oud of der Cabidol in an enwelope. Dey're werry bad—led dem dell id—und of you die easy dey vill dry und frighden you dead by looking cock-eyed ad you. Der besd vay for us to do vas to do like ve always done und say goot vords bond efery von. Of ve can't say anyding goot ve had bedder nod say anyding ad all. You know der ould saying bound "der more you shdik ub anyding der worser dot is" or vords like id.

Ve will go oud on oxbiorashion bardies; dot is ve vill dook a valk ub around der differend corridors of der hodies efery vonce on a a vile und wisid some of der high bie fellers und saw "how is der old ding a vorking" in deir abardments. Ve vill see a goot many funny leedle dings a going on, und ve vil hafe a barrel of fun of you keep dot shnoud of yours glean und don'd hafe doo much to say. Annudder ding, Sharley, I vant to bosd you up on, und dot vas dis:—Of any von doids you anyding "on der gwied" you musdn'd go und dold id to more dan fourdy ad a dime, cause dot aind no goot vay. Of you do, by und by dey vill found you oud und den you are gone. Lasd year dere vas a young feller ub here from New York, und eferypody made a misdake aboud him; dey all dought he vas a shmart young feller. He had a barrel full of sheek, und vat he didn'd got in brains he made ub in imbudence. He vood blaggard any body like a bickbocked, und der nexd dime he med dem vood acd innocend like a lamb. He vas conneceded mit a newsbaper dot vood puplish efery lie dot he vood wride, und dere vasn'd der does of a benny beween der dwo, der man dot owned der baper or dis feller, as to vich vas der vorse. Bold of dem were on der roasd, und dey vas a fine bair of scallwags. Like a madder of course dey made a leedle money, say dwendy dousand dollars bedween dem, by black mailing, und der bolidishions had to suffer. A leedle vile ago dese dwo fellers had a growl bedween von anudder, und now dey are werry busy blaggarding von anudder. "Der bot is calling der kaddle black," und wicey wercey. Neider von of dem cood find anyvon dot vood efen go to a dog fight mit dem, und to-day of dey vas bold dead dey scodn'd got dwendy fife beeples to dura ound to deir foonerals. I oney mendion dis to show you dot der besd vay to god along in der vorld is to acd on der shgware, und do by efery von like you vood hafe dem do mit you. I dell you, Sharley, dere's oney von vay to do und do: is to acd righd, do righd, say someding goot about efery-von dot you kin, und ven you can'd do dot led dem alone. A barrel of sugar vill caught more flies as a spoonful of winegar, und I know id. Dis is goot dedice, Shar. ey, und I hobe you vill made a broft oud of id.

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

M'LLE. ALEXANDRINA.

This young lady was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1851. She came to America with her parents, who settled in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1865, in which city she made her first appearance upon any stage, at the Metropolitan Theatre under the management of the Meech Brothers, as a dancer, in the spectacle of "Faustus," in the early part of 1866. She afterwards appeared in that city as one of the principal dancers in the

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1871.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets,
Box 3,360 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

REVILO, Chicago, Ill.—Euphrosyne Parepa-Rosa is a daughter of Miss Seguin by her marriage with the Baron Parepa de Royesku, and was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. She made her first appearance in the Isle of Malta. She came to this country in 1857, and made her American *debut* in Irving Hall, Sept. 18th, of that year. She was married to Carl Rosa in this country, and had not been previously married. She is now in England.

BATTERY.—"Jimplecute" does not come within the range of our vocabulary, but thinking "Queen Jim" was just cute enough to be implicated in getting up such a word, we referred the question to him, when, after disordering his capillaries for a few seconds with both sets of digits, he said he knew sure, viz!:—Jim-*play*-cute, or Jimplecute for short.

ALE-LILLEY, Trenton, N. J.—London, Eng., three millions and a quarter; New York, one million; Philadelphia, six hundred and eighty thousand; Brooklyn, four hundred thousand; Boston, three hundred and fifty thousand. These are recently estimated populations, but the official returns of the last census have not yet been published.

SULLICAN, New Orleans.—There is no champion club for 1870. The Chicagos claim the title; the Mutuals fly the whip pennant and the Athletics show about the best record. There never can be any legitimate championship until the professional clubs meet together and adopt a code of rules for such contests. At present there are none in existence.

JOHN L., Saratoga, N. Y.—Tom Kelly, now of St. Louis, beat Connor, Lomas, Brown, Jack Rooke and Dick Rowley, and was beaten by Rooke and Harry Allen. Rooke beat Kelly, Rowley and Brown four times once only, defeating Geo. Rooke. 3. He formerly resided at Benicia, Cal.

STARKWEATHER, Washington, D. C.—In a private trial on the Fashion course, L. I., in 1863, Dexter trotted a mile in 2:14. In his match with Ethan Allen and running mate, same course, he trotted the first and second heats in 2:16 and 2:16¾ respectively. His best *recorded* time is 2:17¾, however.

JOHN C. C., Chicago, Ill.—Heenan went to England for the purpose of fighting Sayers, leaving New York Jan. 5, 1860. He returned to this city, July 14, 1860, and left again for England March 22, 1862, though not for the express purpose of fighting—in fact, he declared to the contrary.

STONE.—1. Jemmer Lane beat Harry Ball, Hewson, Jack Green, Tass Parker (twice), Owen Swift, Jack Adams and Byng Stocks; was beaten by Molineux, Yankee Sullivan and Tom Duffey, and fought a draw with Jack Grant. He is dead. 2. He must play a heart.

H. B., Norfolk, Va.—1. No; it was another boxer of the same name—a brother of Jimmy—and now residing in San Francisco. 2. Bill and Johnny are brothers.

NEMO, Davenport, Ia.—No. Goldsmith Maid trotted three heats over the Buffalo Course in 2:19¾, 2:19¾, 2:19¾. Dexter trotted in the same aggregate time at Narragansett Park, her time in the different heats being 2:19¾, 2:18¾, 2:21.

W. S. R., Philadelphia.—It could only beg once, at all fours, consequently it's second deal as fair. The elder hand and the dealer have the privilege of bunching, however, by mutual agreement, even though the cards have been dealt again in response to a beg.

LOVELY, Baltimore, Md.—The cards having been played in the following order, viz.: Ace of Clubs, 2 of Clubs, 3 of Clubs, 4 was entitled to two points, for the fifteen, and the player of the 5 to six, for the sequence.

NIMROD.—The bet which Heenan and Sayers fought for is the present champion belt of England, and it is not now held nor possessed by Jim Mace. Being the same belt, of course our answer to "Athlete" last week referred to the original question. Yes.

OLD READER, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.—John C. Heenan was defeated by Tom King at Wadhurst, Eng., £1,000 a side, 24r., 35m., Dec. 10, 1863. The report of the battle has been published twice in our columns.

LIMEY, Rochester, N. Y.—Mr. Lester Wallack, of Wallack's Theatre, is the author of "Rosedale," and the only one that can legitimately sell you a copy.

WM. H.—The partner had no right to examine the card; but as it seems to have been done under a misapprehension, our opinion is that a new deal must take place, with same dealer.

ST. NICHOLAS, St. Louis.—A lone hand cannot be played against a lone hand. The player who assumes the responsibility of the Trump is the one who has the privilege of saying pernenti or their refer.

H. M. P., Santa Fe., N. M.—The lines are not up to our standard; the measure is faulty, while the rhymes do not jingle properly. Try again.

J. P. H., Washington, D. C.—Guess not. Said individual wouldn't consider the prison ring or handcuff on his wrist simply because it was "easy all round," would he?

J. C. H., Geneva, Ill.—1. Over 1,400 has been run twice in match games. 2. Cyrille Dion has beaten Rudolphe every time they have met for a money stake since May 31st of last year.

C. M. T., Albany.—He who bets that he can win, excel, beat or accomplish something else and only ties, or equals, falls short of his proposition, and, therefore, loses.

J. B. W., Philadelphia.—The five men who tied on ten were privileged to shoot off for choice of the three prizes, and those who tied nine were excluded out.

E. B. J., Albany.—Yes. A man's arrest for the offence you name is provided for in the extradition treaty between the Dominion and United States.

S. F. M., Kansas City, Mo.—1. No. 2. Philadelphia is the largest in point of population in the United States, though its population is much less than that of New York.

ROSIE DOUGLAS, New Orleans.—The cure for such a condition of the skin and capillaries is to stop or counteract the cause, which can best be done by consulting a regular physician.

J. D. B., Edensburg, Pa.—At all fours, the hand having been played out, it was not misdealt, consequently the dealer was entitled to the point for Jack turned up.

VOLNEY, Buffalo.—1. Obtain "Physical Excreises," price $3; enclose that amount to Ed. James, whose card will be found in another column. 2. There is no such work upon that subject.

H. S. P., Newark, N. J.—They traveled with Thomas and Cushing's Circus through Great Britain and Ireland after their fight, sparring together.

WARRIER.—There are forty or fifty firms in the business in this city, but we do not know any of them well enough to be able to recommend them.

CONSTANT READER, Washington, D. C.—A could claim the cancelling of the bargain if he did so immediately after discovering the error.

CRAGO, Nebraska City.—The CLIPPER is the authority and was right in its answer. Euchre being a comparatively modern game, it is doubtful whether Mr. Hoyle ever saw or heard of it.

ED. H., Pottsville, Pa.—Coburn received £100 for expenses when he went to England to fight Mace. 2. We cannot state positively, but believe it was from 1 to 2 P. M. *Life* offices.

ROCK ISLAND, Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. You will find it difficult to get an engagement. 2. Stage managers in variety shows generally do not have an assistant.

SUBSCRIBER, Buffalo, N. Y.—She is in her 24th year and unmarried.

P. B. W., Lynchburg, Va.—The circus is laid up for the winter. Address a letter to him in care of this office.

[illegible] Harlem, N. Y.—W. F. Lawlor is with McEvoy's [illegible]-ville, Ind.

SAM LAWLOR, Hibernicon in Evansville, Ind.—1. If sufficiently [illegible] correct, as a general [illegible]. 2. It will be mailed to you regularly.

BEAVER BLOCK.—We have found him to be [illegible] correct, as a general [illegible].

I. N. U., Peoria, Ill.—Very well gotten up. It will be published probably in our next.

G. A. F., San Francisco.—We had already recorded the decease of Mrs. Keach when your note reached us.

W. H. R., Catlaila, O.—Dexter's best time, which is the fastest on record, is 2:17¼.

R. J. B., Sing Sing.—1. See Ned James' advertisement for where to procure them. 2. You didn't enclose the quarter.

C. E. F., Chester, Pa.—The two 44's were entitled to both sums, which they could have equally divided, or one could have it for choice.

CRICA.—Kansas City.—Our space will not admit of quite so much eulogy and repetition of description.

FRANK R., Chicago, Ill.—1. We cannot give you the precise date he was born in 1842. 2. They were never established in Boston.

FIR POOL, Chicago.—The games of the tournament of 1869 are considered match games.

DAILLEBOUT.—1. The correct time is 9:11¼. 2. That course has one full turn and a bend.

UPTOWN SUBSCRIBER.—We are not sufficiently versed in Virginia state laws to answer your query. Apply to some prominent lawyer.

H. S.—There is no such hand that we can think of, and we have no time to go into such a calculation.

BOB RIDLEY, Lynchburg, Va.—At dominoes the highest double takes the first lead, after which it is taken in turn by each player.

EXCELSIOR ASSOCIATES.—B is wrong. A man could not be said to have come from Cork if he had never been in the city.

JAS. MCC., Petroleum Centre, Pa.—A deposit is necessary to secure an insertion of your challenge.

THOMAS, St. Louis.—As neither party knew of the event having passed, the bet stands.

FARO, Marietta, O.—Some expeditions are said to have left Boston for the African diamond fields.

C. H. R., Saginaw City.—Thank you, but we already have a correspondent in your city.

G. PATSONI, Wilmington.—If sporting or miscellaneous, $370; if theatrical, $382.50.

SNIPE.—He made his *last* jump once only, at Genesee Falls, N. Y., Nov. 13th, 1829—a distance of 125 feet.

PIERCE D'ORSAY, Silver City, Idaho.—Soosbow—population over two millions.

STILLICHAN, New Orleans.—1. There is none recognized as such. 2. Yes. 3. Yes.

CHARLIE CLIFTON.—As a part of it at least must have been for Esther, we should advise a draw.

J. M. F., Buffalo, N. Y.—The same number of cards must be given to each player each round.

B. F. B., Denver City.—Difficult to procure at any price. See advertising columns.

T. J. B., Green Port.—1. See article upon the subject in another column. 2. The longest standing jump is 13ft. 5¾in.

MANAYUNK.—The Haymakers defeated the Athletics Sept. 24th, 1870, by a score of 15 to 10.

CONSTANT READER, Trenton, N. J.—That distance has been beaten more than once.

A. B. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—Lotta will probably play in your city during the season.

SPRINGFIELD, Springfield, O.—C. B. Bishop is a good comedian. He resides, when not traveling, in Baltimore, Md.

ELLIOTT, Greenville.—Corner of Broadway and Houston street.

W. D. S., Kansas City.—Will give the matter proper attention.

HARRY GUILBERT, Dubuque, Iowa.—See answer to R. J. B.

W. D.—We don't know, and have no means of finding out.

JUSTICE, Binghampton, N. Y.—We cannot spare the space.

MONTGOMERY.—The highest card wins in cutting for deal.

EAGLE QUILLS.—1. Jan. 1st, 1863. 2 and 3. Cannot say.

CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia, Pa.—At Birmingham.

O. SACKETT.—No charge further than the fifty dollars.

H. A. T.—See list of players engaged for this season.

A. H. ARDEN.—Money received pays for three times.

READER, St. Louis.—See answer to "St. Nicholas."

W. B. H., Albany, N. Y.—He is the same person.

S. L. G., Grand Rapids.—It is not up to the mark.

T. J., Philadelphia.—See answer to Montgomery.

GEO. H., Davenport, Ia.—See answer to B. F. B.

DUSTY.—Address him a letter, care of this office.

BOSS.—The elder hand was entitled to the lead.

SUBSCRIBER, Haverstraw.—It has expired.

WM. MACDONALD, Macon, Ga.—We can.

EMILY SIEGEL.—The letters were sent.

YANK BOWER.—Must follow suit.

H. J.—See answer to B. F. T.

J. E., St. Louis.—Aneke Jans.

DIXIE, Albany.—All right.

J. W. B.—The *Herald*.

THE HOLLAND BENEFITS, which took place in this city during the past week, will realise quite a handsome sum for the family of the deceased. With more proper management and better judgment, considering the standing, variety and number of volunteers, the amount collected might have been doubled. It was unwise, in the first place, to have so many performances for the same object on the same day, as each entertainment had a tendency to conflict with the others; and hundreds of persons who would, in all probability, have attended all the performances, had they been given at different times, were deprived of the opportunity. The committee doubtless did what they considered best, but that they erred in judgment, in many respects, is now but too apparent. A report of the proceedings at the different theatres, together with the names of those who took part, will be found in our city summary department.

SAD TRUTH.—O. W. Holmes says that "boys should be put in barrels in infancy and fed through the bung holes till they arrive at discretion." A youngster playing on the floor at our feet suggests that it might be a good thing to apply to O. W. H. himself—only he's afraid people would get tired of feeding him before he arrived at that stage.

THE PULPIT, PRESS AND STAGE.

It is an incontrovertible fact that amongst civilized communities in the present day the pulpit, press and stage are the most firmly rooted and influential institutions, and their influence extends to all classes of society; it matters not what the circumstances or condition of a man, his education in life is accomplished through one or the other of these instrumentalities. The pulpit teaches, or, rather, is supposed to teach, the most momentous of philosophies—the science of life and the revelation of eternity, morality and virtue; the press instructs us in the daily history of the world, records passing events, and, when ably conducted, by its fair and enlightened criticisms helps us to form a just appreciation of these events, their relative importance and bearing on the future; the stage not only instructs but also amuses, and comprehends within itself the elements of both the former institutions. Here, when properly conducted, "the mirror is held up to nature," the follies and the vices of the age ridiculed, and the conduct of mankind subjected to the most severe but just and equitable criticism. All three are linked together by a common object, the improvement of the masses, and they should therefore work in unison and help each other to accomplish the mission. Unfortunately, however, the evils which they profess to reform exist in them, and in place of uniting to do their appointed work they spend much valuable time and energy in antagonisms.

The pulpit has now become sufficiently enlightened to use the press, but the press had to enlighten the church before it would make use of it, and it took centuries to overcome the fanatical and oppressive conservatism which four hundred years ago persecuted Caxton, and continued to exercise a baleful influence upon this great element of progress, wherever it was established, until the American people achieved their independence, and secured to themselves the inestimable advantages of a free press in a free state. What these advantages are let our common schools, railways, telegraphs and other enterprises testify. Compare the progress of this country with that of any other since the year 1776, and you will certainly be convinced that the church has been in error.

Now, what is the relation between the pulpit and the stage? Apparently on the one side intolerance and antagonism, and on the other cynical indifference. The Reverend Mr. Sabine, when he refused to read the burial service over the remains of that representative actor, George Holland, but gave expression to the sentiments of a large class of people who receive their impressions mainly from the teachings of the pulpit. Indeed, some of this man's defenders say that he based his refusal rather upon the supposed will of his congregation than upon any conscientious conviction of his own, and we are forced to believe that many of these ministers, who serve for their hire and obey the will of their congregations, rather than that of the Divine Master, declaim against the theatre because sectarian prejudices and bigotry blind their hearers, and not that they believe that there is anything derogatory to christianity in dramatic representations, for many of them are classical scholars, a part of whose studies were the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles, and probably the later works of Corneille, Racine and Moliere, and with whom the treasures of Shakespeare are household words. We can readily conceive the possibility of some presiding genius in a country "Bethel," or "Ebenezer," admonishing his hearers to beware of certain deadly sins, and including in the list the witnessing of theatrical representations, and at the same time honestly believing what he preached; for some of these teachers are so bigoted and narrow minded that they appear to belong to the seventeenth century, when their Puritan progenitors interdicted all amusements and banished honest mirth for hypocritical groans and sour visages, rather than to this progressive, enlightened period. In their ranks there are, however, a great many who preach one gospel and practice another, and who, while denouncing the theatre and circus at home, often visit both when they go abroad. This inconsistent conduct is very reprehensible in ignorant men, and doubly so in men of learning and mental capacity, when they undertake to teach what they know to be erroneous. Of course there are many honorable exceptions. Perhaps we might say a large proportion of people who make a profession of church membership are exceptions to this rule; and we have had some leading dramatists among the ranks of the clergy, such as Dean Milman and others. Now, are those people any the worse Christians for having written plays and attended theatres? We do not think that there are many who would have the temerity to say that they are, yet many condemn what their more liberal and better informed brethren support.

The stage is established, and not all the preaching of sycophants and pharisees can affect it; therefore, the church in the present will do wisely by taking a lesson from the earlier church of Rome, make a virtue of necessity, and by adopting a more liberal policy, make the theatre a still more powerful instrument for the elevation of the masses and the propagation of virtue and morality. There are theatres in this city and in other cities which the most fastidious can visit at any time without having their sensibilities shocked in the least, and where a good sermon may be listened to any night that their doors are open. Let our hitherto censorious friends exercise more charity, visit them oftener, and they will become staunch supporters of what they now contemn.

QUITE A LIVELY discussion has been going on through the papers, touching the claims of Messrs. Stokes and Fisk, Jr., to favorable consideration at the hands of Mrs. *Lawlor*, erstwhile the wife of Frank *Lawlor*, actor. Are not these forages on the actor's domain a *Lawless* proceeding?

YE WHO ARE afflicted with tough steak and unsavory hash, at your hotels and boarding houses, just give a thought to hungry Parisians, and your food will taste like tender chicken. Even cats and dogs are becoming scarce in the "gay capital." But "Paris is tranquil" under it all.

WATER.—The average allowance of water for every man, woman and child in Boston is eighty-five gallons a day. We presume this is meant for washing and cleansing purposes, which is not more than is needed. As a beverage, whiskey is preferred in that quiet city.

WE ARE TOLD, on the best authority, that "wolves are preying on Illinois flocks." This is an evidence that all is not yet lost in the state in which Chicago is located, for we had been led to believe that praying was at a low discount in that heathen country.

MALTREATMENT OF MEN.—An Albany woman, it is said, after keeping her husband in "hot water" for a number of years, finished up by scalding him to death a few days ago. A happy release for the man, even if he *has* gone to a hotter place.

MUCH PLAY.—During the year ending last November, one hundred and eighty-eight new plays were produced in London, which goes to show that "all work and no play" will not apply to the British metropolis.

MR. ODO RUSSELL, who puts "the *mark* of death" on Bismarck's face, can no longer be looked upon as a *man* of *mark*, since the great diplomat still lives, in spite of Russell' *remark*able prognostications.

BIG THING.—Terre Haute, Indiana, boasts of an Artesian well from which whiskey flows. Can't some of our dealers in the article buy that town at once, before competition for its purchase begins?

A LAD IN BALTIMORE was lately sent to the lock-up for stealing two marbles. We marvel not at the severity of the authorities there, for they seem to have marble hearts.

"SEVEN UP" is the very suggestive name of a town in Iowa. We presume that the place is yet in its infancy, and therefore goes on "all fours."

RICHMOND, Va., boasts that out of 1,000 deaths in that city during the past year, but four resulted from intemperance. May be the people down there have nothing to get tight on.

OYSTER SHELLS put in coal-stoves and grates will prevent clinkers from forming. This is a "grate" discovery.

"MARKED BALLS" are all the go around Paris. They are "red hot" when introduced into the city.

FRIENDSHIP BOAT CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Friendship Boat Club, which was held at the boat-house, foot of East 28th street, this city, on the 16th inst., the following officers were elected for the present year:—President, James B. Morton; Vice President, Wm. H. Hughes; Treasurer, Wm. J. Cotter, Jr.; Recording Secretary, R. D. McDonnell; Corresponding Secretary, Chas. A. Littner; Captain, Wm. Burke; Trustees, Jas. B. Murray, Thos. Connolly and D. Sullivan. Delegates, M. J. Murray, Matt. S. Farrell and John Dugan. The club is in a very flourishing condition, having put a second story on their club house. They have a good assortment of boats, from a single scull shell upwards.

THE GREAT PAIR OARED RACE.—The important match for £200, between James Renforth and Harry Kelley, upon one side, and Jas. Taylor and Thos. Winship, was rowed on the Tyne, Newcastle, Eng., on Jan. 16th, and resulted in an easy victory for the former twain.

SKITTLE MATCHES.—Fred. Norley and Sam'l. Hickling have made arrangements to play three games at skittles for $25 a side, at Newark, N. J. The first game will take place at Norley's, the "Cricketer's Arms," Nos. 11 and 13 Division street, opposite the Morris and Essex depot, on the 30th inst. The date of playing the second and third games will be fixed upon after the first is played.

"STEVIE" HALTER, who for nigh a score of years had been engaged at Lord's Cricket Ground, London, Eng., died on Jan. 3d, aged 52.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALFORD, Henry.—Dean of Canterbury, and born in London, Eng., in 1810; fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1835; Vicar of Wymeswold, Leicestershire, 1853; Hulsean lecturer at Cambridge, 1841; minister of Quebec Chapel, London, 1853, and Dean of Canterbury, 1857. "The School of the Heart and other Poems," his first poetical venture, appeared in 1836. During his ministry at the Quebec Chapel, and more recently at Canterbury, he established a reputation as a pulpit orator, and his volumes of sermons had an extended popularity. He also produced "Critical Edition of the Greek Testament," a second edition of which appeared in 1857, founded on the text of Tischendorf.—London, Eng., Jan. 15th, aged 61.

COLWELL, Stephen.—An old and honored citizen of Philadelphia. He was a native of Virginia, and, on leaving college, entered the legal profession, but subsequently entered into the iron business. He wrote a number of pamphlets on political, financial, religious and other subjects, and contributed frequently to the magazines and reviews. He accumulated a valuable library, which it is believed has been bequeathed to the University of Pennsylvania, with provision for the endowment of a Professorship of Social Science. Twenty years ago he published under an anonymous name a valuable essay on "Protection." But his most famous literary work was the "New Themes for the Protestant Clergy," printed in 1851, and in answer to reviews of it he wrote "Hints to a Layman" and "Charity and the Clergy, in 1852."—Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 15th.

CRANE, the Rev. Mark.—O. S. A., and pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Augustine, Philadelphia. He was born in County Wexford, Ireland, Aug. 31, 1831; commenced his ecclesiastical studies in Ireland, came to this country in 1849, entered Villanova College, and was ordained to priesthood in 1856. He was afterwards pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Lansingburg, N. Y.; St. Nicholas Church, Atlantic City, and, since 1861, of St. Augustine's Church—Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 19th, aged 38.

COX, William Penn.—Proprietor and editor of the Leicester, (Eng.) *Advertiser* and other newspapers. He was also a member of the Leicester Town Council.—died suddenly while writing at his desk, Leicester, Eng., Dec. 30th, aged 50.

CLASSEN, Joseph.—A prominent member of the Liederkranz Society, and well-known in the community of Germans in this city. See particulars in another column.

CHILTON, Judge W. P.—Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons of Alabama, and formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that state—Alabama, Jan. 20th.

DUTCHE, Xavier.—A well-known and distinguished German of Philadelphia—Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 19th, aged 80.

DREW, Jack.—Pugilist. See obituary.

EARL, Peter.—Actor. See particulars in another column.

HATCH, Lemuel.—One of the oldest residents of Rochester and a soldier of the war of 1812—Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 14th.

HILTON, J. H.—Minstrel. Particulars in another column.

HALTER, Stevie.—Cricketer. See particulars elsewhere.

IRELAND, Sophia.—One of the oldest residents of Connecticut and formerly of this city. Having been born at Bristol, Eng., June 17th, 1773, three years before the declaration of American independence, she came to America with her parents in the early fall of 1783, landing at Philadelphia, while the city of New York was in possession of British troops. Removing here in 1784, this city was her residence for more than seventy years. In 1789 she witnessed the triumphal entry of Washington, previous to his inauguration, and has thus lived under the administrations of all the Presidents of the United States. In 1795 her parents died of yellow fever, and in June, 1796, she was united in marriage to Joseph Ireland, the youngest of three brothers, once widely known. Joseph Ireland, the father, was a soldier of the Revolutionary war of the rebellion she spent the greater part of her time, daily, in knitting stockings for the Union soldiers—Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. 18th, aged 96.

JOHNSON, George W. L.—A native of New Jersey. Brought up as a printer. He became conspicuous in newspaper enterprises in Philadelphia as the founder of journals, some of which were successful and others not. He established the *True Sun*, a daily paper, in 1848, which was published for more than a year, but sold it in 1849 and set up the *Little Genius*, a daily paper, published for a year or two. Afterwards Mr. Johnson was news editor of the *Press*, one of the founders of the *Sunday Transcript* in 1856, one of the proprietors of the *Sunday Mercury* from 1862 to 1866, established the *Sunday Morning Gazette* and was the first newsboy editor of the *Evening Telegraph*. The *Petroleum Gazette* during the times of the oil excitement, which went out when that failed—Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 20th, aged 52.

JACKSON, Col. Jones.—A veteran of the Florida and Mexican wars, and Prussian Consul at San Francisco during the Rebellion—Santa Clara, Cal., Jan. 12th.

KING, The Hon. Thos. H.—A prominent lawyer and citizen of Rhode Island, but more recently United States Consul at Cork, Ireland—Stricken with paralysis on a steamboat from the effects of which he died—Pawtuxket, R. I., Jan. 21st.

LAKE, John.—Ex-coachman to his Majesty King George IV. Whilst in the act of eating some roast mutton he got a large piece in his wind pipe, and died from strangulation in a few minutes—London, Eng., Jan. 1st, aged 81.

LAWRENCE, Wm. H.—President of the National Tobacco Association, and merchant in New York for over thirty years—Bayside, N. Y., Jan. 19th, aged 57.

MARTIN, Mrs. Jane Leonard.—One of the oldest women of this city, born in 1780, her mother being Phœbe Goodwin, daughter of Colonel Goodwin, of Kensington, Conn. Mrs. Martin's mother had seven brothers in Washington's army, whom she saw for the first time when they entered New York with the great general in 1775. She often described them as a ragged lot, save the officers in the Corporation of New York on a sound shoe to their feet. Mrs. Martin was one of the first to go to Albany in a steamboat. Her husband, a well known quidnun, was taken ill in that city, and, as the symptoms were serious, desired the sight of reaching him as soon as possible. In those days the passage was made in small sloops, and was consequently a work of time; and the anxious wife, hearing that a ship with wheels propelled by steam was about to make its trial trip up the river with the Corporation of New York on board, and it was to make the passage in a marvelously short time, she made known to that body the circumstances in which she was placed, and asked permission to accompany them. It was at once granted. The house of Mr. Leonard, Mrs. Martin's father, was reputed as being the last dwelling on Broadway, all beyond that being open country. After her marriage she resided often to amuse themselves by fishing for "killies" in the canal which ran across Manhattan Island, where Canal street now is. Mrs. Martin was the oldest communicant of Trinity parish, having been a member of that church for over seventy years—New York city, Jan. 15th, aged 91.

MCGEE, Mrs.—Widow of the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, of Toronto, Canada, Jan. 20th.

MONTGOMERY, Oswald C.—Son of the late celebrity of Philadelphia—Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 19th, aged 48.

OWEN, Rev. Griffith.—D. D., of Baltimore, and for some years a resident of Philadelphia, and minister of the Presbyterian Church—Baltimore, Md., Jan. 14th.

O'HARA, G. A.—Actor. See particulars in another column.

POWER, Maurice.—The deceased was a gentleman well known by many on this side of the Atlantic. He was a brother of Mr. Power came to New York with the intention of making it his home, and married the youngest daughter of Judge Brockholst Livingston. He, shortly after his marriage, returned to Ireland to take possession of an estate. He elected to Parliament in place of Daniel O'Connell, and has since filled many distinguished posts with credit. Mr. Power was brother to the Rev. John Power, and Dr. William Power, whose memories are revered in this city—Queenstown, Ireland, recently.

PAINE, Judge Byron.—Of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin—Wisconsin, Jan. 17th.

RICHINGS, Peter Richings Puget). Actor. See particulars in another column.

SANDERS, Professor Dyer H.—Formerly an eminent teacher in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The last twelve years of his life has been postmaster of Hopkinton—Hopkinton, N. H., Jan. 14th, aged 71.

SPRIGG, Daniel.—Cashier of the Mechanics' National Bank of Baltimore—Baltimore, Md., Jan. 21st, aged 84.

SIMS, George.—Cyclist. See obituary in another column.

SEVER, Col. J. W.—Boston, Mass., Jan. 16th, aged 72.

TAFFIN, John.—Vice President of the Southside Railroad, of Long Island. At the formation of that railroad company, a few years since, he took an active part in the enterprise, and has been its Vice President from its organization. He was also one of the Vestry of St. Thomas' Church and its Treasurer at his death—N. Y. city, Jan. 16th.

WRIGHT, General Edwin R. V.—This prominent gentleman was born in Hoboken, on the 2d of January, 1812, received a good education, and started in life as a printer. In 1835 he edited and published a paper called the *Jersey Bee*. While engaged in his duties as an editor he studied law, and in 1839 was admitted to the bar. Entering into politics, he became prominent and influential, was elected to the State Senate in 1843, and distinguished himself by his advocacy of the present free school system of the state. From 1851 to 1856 he held the position of District Attorney for Hudson county, and was for several years Major General, commanding the Second Division of the New Jersey Militia. General Wright was the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1859, but was defeated by a small majority. He was elected to Congress in 1864, and served one term—Died of dropsy, Forest Home, N. J., Jan. 19th, aged 58.

WALSH, Lord.—The deceased was educated at Eaton and St. John's College, Cambridge and in early life was called to the bar—Committed suicide at his residence, Merion Hall, Norfolk, Eng., Jan. 7th, aged 66.

WILSON, The Rev. Adam, D. D.—Of Waterville—Waterville, Me., Jan. 16th, aged 77.

WATROUS, Gen. John E.—Of Deep River—killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting—Deep River, Conn., Jan. 16th.

Squibs and Things.

—A lady who advertises for a husband, enumerated among other accomplishments her ability to make from six clams soup enough for dinner and a clam fry for breakfast.

—A London house of refreshment announces on its sign, "The Vacuum Cure."

—Railroads are great supporters of caste—because most people traveling on them know their own stations and stop there.

—It may not be generally known, but flowers are very warlike in disposition—they are always armed with pistils and often shoot.

—It has often been remarked as a strange circumstance that ministers have so few wives, for they often "marry a couple."

—A pair of porcine quadrupeds, whose joint weight is 2,300 lbs., are on exhibition in Chicinnati.

—Miss Gaginer has been appointed Chief Engineer of the Fire Department at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

—Maine realized a profit of $6,000 from her state prison last year. She had better erect another.

—Kerosene and coroners are introduced in these days as mutual friends.

—"Curling has commenced around Quebec." Behind the age—New York ladies have practiced "curling" for a long time.

—An Indiana paper asks:—"How much can a minister preach with two cents in his pocket?"

—South Bend, Ind., has a factory which turns out a completely finished lumber wagon every twenty minutes.

—The latest style of female traveling dress is known as the "divorce suit."

—A gentleman of Peru, Ind., takes his ease in a chair which has been in his family 100 years.

—Between the 3d of December and the 1st of January, a gentleman of Union, Ind., killed 1,040 ducks.

—Virginia's ice crop is reported to be the thickest and best ever housed.

During the past year Maine has paid bounty for the death of ninety-one bears.

—Massachusetts' ice crop is reported to be enormous and of the best quality.

—A gentleman of Fredonia, N. Y., boasts the proprietorship of a pony fifty years old.

—Ice, twelve inches thick, was cut in the Hudson river on the 24th of Dec.

—One firm in Rochester annually pays the government over $100,000 as tax on the tobacco manufactured by the house.

—There are 163 students at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.

—New England law once proscribed Christmas, but things ain't now as they used to was.

—A stage carpenter's life is said to be precarious, because he's always "seen shifting" for a living.

—A New Orleans paper declares it an outrage to call millinar ists "common sewers."

—Young widows are said to be like musical performances, because they're "mourning consorts."

—A blind newsboy of Cincinnati lately lectured on "How to Secure the Purity of the Ballot Box."

—Last year's cotton crop of the south has been estimated at $340,000,000.

—An exchange wants to know whether Nebuchadnezzar, when he was doomed to eat grass, had any "laurels on his browse."

—A writer in one of the papers says that Pittsburgh at night reminds him of "Hell with the lid off."

—By a special order of the Crown Prince of Prussia, the studio and residence of Rosa Bonheur, at Fontainbleu, was spared.

—It has become proverbial that the inexperienced make the best hotel servants.

—A deer became wedged between cakes of ice on the Mississippi a few days ago and was captured alive.

—To prevent waist-fullness many young ladies resort to tight lacing.

—The streets of Louisville, Ky., were lately placarded with bills offering $500 bounty for volunteers for the French army.

—A dentist in want of business advertises that he will "spare no pains" to render his labors satisfactory to his patrons.

—Washington, it is said, is still overrun by hogs, goats, cows and Members of Congress.

—A Chicago paper says Miss Kellogg amuses herself, when alone, by playing on the "ole banjo."

—Two highly respectable Omaha ladies have lately "started" a faro bank.

—The best shot in Clark county, Wis., is a lady—Miss Kate Scott.

—The yearly salary of King Amadeus, of Spain, is to be $1,500,000.

BILLIARDS.

CARNIER VS. RUDOLPHE.

MATCH FOR $1,000.

The contest between the youthful, fiery Albert Garnier and the experienced, long-headed A. P. Rudolphe, took place at Apollo Hall, in this city, on the 21st inst. The attendance was fair, but failed to cover expenses, which would have been different, no doubt, had Rudolphe not insisted upon taking the management of the match into his own hands, and had it been played as originally contemplated at the Academy of Music.

THE GAME.

Garnier won the lead but failed to score, as also did Rudolphe. The first innings of importance was the third, in which Rudolphe, after making 6, "froze." The balls were taken up and spotted, and, counting at his next attempt, he ran on from 6 to 12. Four innings afterward, Rudolphe made a run of 36, the best played of the entire game, although not the largest by just its own number. Prior to this, Charles Frink, of Jersey City, had offered $60 to $50 on Garnier, which was not accepted. Frink next offered "$50 to $40," and Rudolphe drew his leather, inquiring if any more money was to be had at the same odds. There was not and this was the only public wager of the night. In the 13th innings Garnier had made 19, ere he was kissed into a bad position, from which, instead of playing for safety, he attempted to extricate himself by a *wasse*-shot. It was odds that he would be kissed out of a count, and he was, leaving the balls on the left cushion, near the upper corner, for his antagonist, who nursed them for 21. It was by nursing, mainly in the right and left upper corners, that Rudolphe won the game, the number of points he scored in this way, while Garnier was stashing away all over the table, being 317. In the 16th innings, Garnier made a pretty 28 here, there and everywhere, and with but little nursing. Rudolphe, with all the opportunities accorded him, had now scored but 10 more than his opponent, who, two innings afterward, played an easy shot too quickly, and again set the balls up for Rudolphe, who, playing slowly and with marked deliberation, made 35. This was bad enough, but "worse remained behind." Two innings later, Garnier, after having made 7, was confronted with a "break" as disheartening to contemplate as it was unexpected. No American player would have attempted the shot made upon it. But Garnier knew not what safety means. After contemplating the situation for a few seconds he attempted, in the full flush of confidence, to make a counting shot. To succeed he had to make his ball travel twenty-eight feet, not around the table, but up and down it. If he missed, his spent ball would certainly stop near the left upper corner, where one of the others then was and where the third would be sure to feather up. The attempt was made, and there was a missed carom, with all the balls left in the northwest corner. Rudolphe played them there for a few seconds, then along the upper cushion, and finally into the right upper corner. Here he got them well together, and avoiding a "freeze," played across their face, minute after minute, never stopping until he had scored 72. That untasted upon taking the management of the match into his own hands, and had it been played as originally contemplated at the Academy of Music.

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essed in the verdict; if not, Swift can again challenge, but must allow ten days to elapse in order to give other skaters a chance. Now Goodrich, Pratt, Brady, and all ye other skaters, are you going allow the diamond medal to become Curtis' property (as it very soon will by limitation of period) without an effort; if not, send your challenges in proper form to the regular stakeholder, and the first one received will have the first chance to try to lower the colors of "The Western Favorite."

THE SPORT in the metropolis during the past week was not very good as a general thing, the ice after the previous weeks' thaw having been left in poor condition on the Park ponds, and the other localities did not have very good ice, if we except the Capitoline pond, Brooklyn, the proprietors of which sprinkled the surface of them on every cold night and in consequence had a fine field for skating the next day. The Rinks did not open till Friday, when the Brooklyn Rink hoisted their flag for a couple of days. On Saturday mild weather set in again, and down came the red ball at all the places. On Saturday a severe storm from the northwest set in and the wind sent the thermometer down to 6 degrees. The result was hard and new ice at all the ponds, and the re-opening of the rinks, which in severe weather, have the advantage of protecting skaters from the cold winds which the open skating lakes are exposed to. The week's events are a carnival on the Fifth Avenue Pond, ditto at the Brooklyn Rink; an ice-boot race on the Capitoline Pond; also a boys' race for a pair of rink skates. The Carnival of the Jersey City Skating Club will take place in February. A ball match on the ice is being arranged between nines from Brooklyn and New York. There was to have been a carnival on the Fifth Avenue Pond, Monday, but the snow storm of that day prevented.

AMERICAN SKATING CONGRESS.—The exact date for the annual general meeting has not yet been fixed, but will be at the meeting of the executive committee, which will be held the day after we go to press (Tuesday). We expect the congress will be held in this city sometime next week; notices will be mailed to the members, and announced in our next issue, and we believe it is the intention to give seats to delegates from any skating club in the country who may have come on for that purpose. Any delegates who may desire longer notice than our issue of next week, can get information by mail or telegram from R. G. Hervey, Sec., Hoffman House, New York.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 7

Circuses.

LAKE'S CIRCUS exhibited in Bainbridge, Ga., Jan. 16th; Thompsonville, 17th; Albany, 18th; Camilla, 19th; Quitman, 20th; Valeiosta, 21st; and is billed to perform in Quincy, Florida, 23d; Tallahassee, 24th; Monticello, 25th; Madison, 26th; Lake City, 27th; Jacksonville, 28th; Savannah, Ga., 30th. Charles W. Pell is with this circus as advertiser.

A LIONESS AND SEVEN CUBS belonging to Stone and Murray's Circus died recently at Cuthbert, Ga. They were valued at $3,000.

THE WILSON BROTHERS, very clever gymnasts, are now prepared to engage for the tenting season, through their agents, Messrs. Riggs and Fitzgerald, as per advertisement.

JOHN FOSTER AND FAMILY have been engaged for the approaching tenting season with Van Amburgh's Menagerie and Circus.

CHARLES WILSON, a circus performer, died in Gilson, Ill., on Dec. 14th last, at the house of his father. While performing with Rutiege's Circus, in Danville, Ill., on April 23d, 1869, he attempted to turn a double somersault through a hoop, but in turning over the first time his feet struck the upper part of the hoop, which threw him out of balance and prevented his turning more than half over the second time; and he fell to the mattress, striking on his head and shoulders, with his chin resting against his breast. When Charley was taken up his body was found to be paralyzed from his shoulders down. He was, with difficulty, able to raise his arms and move them in several directions, but he had no sense of feeling in them, or in any other part of his body except his head and neck, which he could move about at will. He remained in that condition nearly twenty months. His folks spared neither pains nor means in trying to palliate his sufferings; but, troubled as he was with horrid bed sores and other difficulties, very little indeed could be done in that direction. He courted death and expressed his happiness when he knew that it was but a few hours distant.

J. C. THOMPSON, clown, jester and vocalist, late of Hengler's and other English circuses, who has lately arrived in this country, advertises that he can be engaged.

THE WILSON BROS., gymnasts, are prepared to arrange for the tenting season, through their agents, Riggs and Fitzgerald.

Miscellaneous.

A YOUNG MAN, who is a mesmerist, advertises for a situation with a traveling company, where he could study phrenology.

LIVING CURIOSITIES are wanted for a side show. See Geo. H. Batcheller's advertisement.

HEYWOOD AND CHIRISKI'S EUROPEAN COMBINATION performed in Reading, Pa., Jan. 16th and 17th; Pottsville, 18th and 19th; Minersville, 20th; St. Clair, 21st, and is billed to perform in Tamaqua, 23d; Shamokin, 24th; Danville, 25th; Ashland, 26th; Pittston, 27th and 28th; Wilkesbarre, 30th, and Scranton, Feb. 1st and 2d.

J. PRESCOTT ELDRIDGE gave his entertainment an "Evening with the Passions" at Urbana, O., Jan. 20th, and at Marion, 21st.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS commenced an engagement of one week at the Memphis Theatre, Memphis, Tenn., on Jan. 16th, and are announced to go thence to Hickman, Ky.; Cairo, Ill.; Paducah, Ky.; Bowling Green, Ky.; Nashville, Tenn., and Huntsville, Ala.

THE MILTONIAN TABLEAUX OF PARADISE LOST, with Nellie Anderson, ballad singer, and Gen. Charles Decker, dwarf, was exhibited in Springfield, Ill., Jan. 13th and 14th, in Cook's Hall, which has recently been re-opened for amusements.

EVANS & CO'S GIFT SHOW is billed to perform in Cook's Hall, Springfield, Ill., on Jan. 23d.

"THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR" commences a series of lectures under the management of Mr. O. Sackett, of the Western Lyceum Bureau, on Feb. 17th, at Lawrence, Kansas.

THE KEYSTONE OPERA HOUSE, Reading, Pa., can be rented through the proprietor, whose address is in another column. It will seat about one thousand persons and has dressing rooms, etc.

CHAPIN HALL, Holyoke, Mass., is advertised to rent on moderate terms. It will seat about eight hundred persons.

KLEIN'S OPERA HOUSE, Scranton, Pa., which has recently been opened, can be rented by responsible troupes. It is stocked with a full set of scenery, etc. For further particulars address as per advertisement.

LINCOLN HALL, Wellsville, N. Y., can be rented through the proprietor, whose address is in another column. It has a stage, with scenery, dressing rooms, &c.

C. H. HALL, advance agent, advertises that he can be engaged.

LAYSON HALL, Shelbyville, Ky., which has a seating capacity of five hundred, can be rented through the proprietors, who advertise.

AN ADVERTISING WAGON is advertised for sale by Thomas Bruton.

THOMAS W. BROWN had a very useful and valuable New Year's present made to him by the members of the Amy Stone Sensation Troupe, of which he is the advance agent, in the shape of a solid gold headed ebony walking cane, manufactured expressly by Ball, Black & Co., properly inscribed, accompanied by a complimentary letter, commending and thanking him for his diligence and enterprise, for which, of course, he feels very grateful and highly elated at such a mark of esteem.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL EXPOSITION performed to good houses at Lock Haven, Pa., on Jan. 16th; Johnstown, 17th, and Altoona, 18th. It commences a short season at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, Md., on the 22d. A good second violin player, who can play brass is wanted. See advertisement.

AT THE AMATEURS' DRAWING ROOM, Seventeenth near Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Miss Lotta Lubin will commence a short season of magical entertainments on Jan. 23d, assisted by Mr. Jerome Lubin. The "Singing Cherubs" are announced as a prominent feature of the entertainment.

MCEVOY'S HIBERNICON is to exhibit in Evansville, Ind., Jan. 26th, 27th and 28th.

FRAZER'S COMPANY OF GLASS BLOWERS remained at Greenwood Hall, Cincinnati, last week, attracting considerable numbers of visitors.

MISS LIZZIE KEYSER gave a spiritual *seance* at Thoms' Hall, Cincinnati, on the 20th.

A SET OF SCENERY can be bought or rented of Cunningham & Dow.

ROBT. PERCY, aerial gymnast, who can be addressed care of this office, is prepared to accept engagements.

HENRY WESTON advertises that he can be engaged as agent or business manager.

LONG'S HALL, Humboldt, Kansas, which will seat about five hundred persons, is advertised to rent.

MRS. W. R. STODDARD and Master De Witt C. Hough humbugged quite a number of the citizens of Washington, last week, at Harmonia Hall, in that city, by performing the coat and ring tricks, which have so often been performed there. The usual number of long haired spiritualists were present to assist in preventing an exposition, and the humbug was a complete success. So reports our correspondent, "Novice."

CIRCUS TENTS can be had of Henry Sparks, whose address and size elsewhere.

SIMMONS' NEW OPERA HOUSE, Wellsville, N. Y., which is now completed, can be rented through the proprietor, who advertises. *The Elmira Daily Advertiser* says that the hall is furnished in an elegant and elaborate manner, with all the appurtenances of first class halls.

WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION, with eighteen star performers, appears in Potsdam, N. Y., Jan. 25th; Malone, 30th; Plattsburgh, Feb. 2d and 3d; St. Albans, Vt., 4th; Burlington, 6th; Vergennes, 7th; Middlebury, 8th. This troupe is said to be greeted with large audiences everywhere. M. C. Sexton leads the brass band and orchestra.

W. H. SHERMAN, advance agent, advertises that he can be engaged.

E. M. MAYER, bill poster, Harrisburg, Pa., inserts his card in another column.

HENRY C. TRYON, scenic artist, Chicago, Ill., is prepared to paint scenes and drop curtains for halls and theatres. See advertisement.

JNO. M. CROWLEY, late bill poster of Bangor, Me., advertises for an engagement with some first class manager.

TWO NEW SONGS—"That Little Church Around the Corner" and "Go 'Way, Bumble Bee"—can be had of White, Smith & Perry, who advertise.

CHANG, one of the Siamese Twins, is paralyzed on the right side of his body. Eng is in the enjoyment of perfect health. They have fifteen children living.

MARTINO, the magician, assisted by the Canderbecks, performed in Rock Island, Ill., during the past week, and is announced to commence a series of six performances in Iowa City, Iowa, on Jan. 23d, going thence to Muscatine for six nights, commencing on Jan. 30th.

PROF. ANDERSON, magician, closed a series of six performances in Omaha, Neb., on Jan. 14th, and went thence to Des Moines, Iowa.

THE B. P. O. ELKS advertise that a special meeting will be held at the lodge room, in East 13th street, N. Y., on Jan. 29th, for the transaction of extraordinary business.

THE FAKIR OF AVA and Whiston, the humorist, gave three performances in Dorp, N. Y., on January 17th, 18th, and 19th.

Amateur.

THE EUREKA DRAMATIC CLUB, of Cincinnati, a talented and wealthy Jewish organization, is to perform "Still Waters Run Deep," on Saturday evening, the 28th. They have a fine private theatre, located in Metropolitan Building, corner of Ninth and Walnut streets.....The Shakespeare Club, of the same city, gave the "Rivals" on the 17th, in fine style. Their next essay is to be portions of "Hamlet" and of "Damon and Pythias."..... The Waverley Dramatic Club, of the same city, gave the comedy of "Leap Year" on the 16th.....On the 20th, the Murdoch Association, also of Cincinnati, rendered Morton's comedy, "All that Glitters is not Gold."

IN PHILADELPHIA, on Wednesday evening, the 18th inst., Tom Taylor's drama, "The Ticket of Leave Man" was performed by the Wheatly Dramatic Association. Mr. John J. Rogers, one of the most promising amateur actors of that city, is to be commended for his admirable portraiture of the hero of the drama, Robert Brierly. The remainder of the cast was well sustained.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

Dramatic.

CONCERNING AMUSEMENTS IN LONDON, Eng., and the British Provinces, our advices are up to Jan. 8th. Very little change has occurred either in the metropolis or the country at the several theatres since our last report, owing to the fact that the various entertainments prepared at a vast outlay of money, labor and skill for the holiday season, continue to attract remunerative audiences. At Drury Lane it was announced that "morning" performances (i. e. afternoon) would be given every Wednesday and Saturday until Feb. 25th. For the week commencing Jan. 9th a new and original farce entitled "Rule Britannia" was announced to commence the performances.....At the Adelphi, in addition to the holiday bill, Mr. Webster was announced to perform for six nights only, commencing Jan. 9th, in "One Touch of Nature."..... At the St. James "Fernande" was to be withdrawn on the 14th, and on the 16th Robertson's comedy, entitled "War," was to have been produced. The preliminary booking of places has been very large. M. Nertann of the Gymnase Theatre was to make his debut on the English stage in this comedy, and Messrs. A. W. Young and Lionel Brough were to re-appear.....At the Globe the preliminary entertainments to the pantomime announced for Jan. 9th and that week were "Rely on My Discretion," "The Rights of Woman" and "Delicate Ground."..... At the Queen's Theatre the final performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" were given during the week ending Jan. 7th. For the succeeding week "Charles II," followed by "Richelieu" and the "Merchant of Venice" on alternate nights. On the 21st Mr. and Mrs. Rousby were announced to commence an engagement, when they would appear in "Twixt Axe and Crown" for a limited number of nights prior to the production of Tom Taylor's new historical play entitled "Jeanne d'Arc."..... At the Royalty an original comedietta, in two acts, entitled "Dora's Device," was announced for production on Jan. 11th.....The opening of the Royal Court Theatre had been postponed until Saturday, Jan. 21st.....At Sadler's Wells, on and after Jan. 9th, "William Tell" was to preface the pantomime..... No change had occurred at the other theatres.

MLLE. BEATRICE and her London "Frou Frou" company were announced to perform in the Old Theatre Royal, at Bristol, Eng., twelve nights, commencing Jan. 9th.

MR. RICHARD YOUNGE'S COMEDY COMPANY were announced to commence an engagement of six nights at the Theatre Royal, Halifax, Eng., on Jan 9th.

MR. MORGAN SMITH, colored tragedian, was announced to commence an engagement of six nights at Shrewsbury, Eng., on January 9th.

AT THE OTHER PROVINCIAL THEATRES the holiday pantomimes were still the attraction, a full list of which we published in our past issue.

Musical.

THE ITALIAN OPERA BOUFFE season at the Lyceum Theatre, London, Eng., was inaugurated on Jan. 2d, with the most flattering prospects of success.

A NEW COMIC OPERA entitled "Der St. Nicolaus," the libretto by M. Sabina, and the music by M. Kopkesching, was recently produced at the National Theatre, Prague, and met with a favorable reception.

SIGNOR GALMINI is said to have been the oldest musician. He died in 1835, aged 138 years. He was a tenor singer and leader of the band to Pope Gregory XIVth.

LISZT has again settled in Hungary, where the title of Director General of Music has been conferred upon him, which, however, will be exchanged to Director General of the Hunarian Academy of Music as soon as that institution shall be completed.

EDWIN BAWTREE, an organist, met with an accidental death in London, Eng., recently, at the age of 34 years. After dressing in a room for a concert at Exeter Hall, at which he was to perform, in trying to open the door of his room he broke the key in the lock. The window of his room opened on to a skylight that gave light to a room below. He attempted to climb down this skylight and fell through a distance of some thirteen feet, fractured his skull, and died on the following day.

Variety Halls.

THE MUSIC HALLS IN LONDON, ENG., continue their holiday programmes, in some few instances with additional attraction. At the Alhambra, the Hanlon Brothers have re-appeared, and Macagan, the comic singer, has been engaged.....At the Royal Music Hall, Walmsley, who performs all Blondin's most difficult feats, on a wire one eighth of an inch thick, stretched the entire length of the hall, without the aid of a balance pole, was the only fresh attraction.

NO CHANGE OF IMPORTANCE at any of the Provincial Music Halls had occurred, or was announced.

Negro Minstrelsy.

SAM HAGUE'S SLAVE TROUPE continues to do a prosperous business in St. James' Hall, Liverpool, Eng. A correspondent writing on Jan. 3d, with regard to their performances, says:—"Notwithstanding we are in the midst of the pantomime season this troupe is doing an immense business. Frank Pern has been a complete success. Charley Hicks has taken the bone end, in place of James Johnson, who is suffering from a severe cold, and has met with success. The sextette, consisting of Messrs. Read, Beverly, Medley, Wilson, Wherry and Campbell, meet with merited applause for their excellence in choruses. The sketches, 'Little Georgia,' 'Nilson Rehearsal' and the 'Slave Sale,' have been so well received that the programme remains unchanged. Japanese Tommy is nightly recalled in his 'Raw Recruit.' Mr. T. D. Fenner, the stage manager of the troupe, was presented on Jan. 1st with a magnificent cluster diamond ring by Mr. Sam Hague, for the able manner in which he has filled that position."

THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS continued to present their holiday programme with great success at St. James' Hall, London, Eng., up to the date of our advices, and announced that the Wednesday and Saturday *matinees* would be continued.

CHARLES CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS performed in Belfast, Ireland, on Jan. 2d.

THE MATTHEWS' TROUPE OF CHRISTY MINSTRELS were performing in Birmingham, Eng.

Circuses.

THE HOLIDAY PROGRAMMES, consisting in chief of equestrian spectacles or pantomimes, have been continued at the various circuses in London, England, and the Provinces.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue.
JAMES FISK, Jr.....Proprietor.
ANOTHER HIT.
THE CLIMAX
OF
SUCCESS.
CROWDED HOUSES.
THE EVENT. | LA PERICHOLE. AIMEE. | THE EVENT.
THE EVENT. | LA PERICHOLE. AIMEE. | THE EVENT.
THE EVENT. | LA PERICHOLE. AIMEE. | THE EVENT
EVERY EVENING
UNTIL
FURTHER NOTICE.
SATURDAY MATINEE
AT 2.
LES BRIGANDS.
SUNDAY, FIFTH GRAND CONCERT,
FISK'S
EXCELSIOR NINTH REGIMENT BAND,
With a new and novel programme. 43-1t

WALLACK'S.
TUESDAY, JAN. 24.
FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY,
and
USED UP.
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25,
OURS.
THURSDAY, JAN. 26,
OURS.
FRIDAY, JAN. 27,
FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY
and
USED UP.
SATURDAY MATINEE, AT 1½ P. M., OURS.
SATURDAY NIGHT,
A FAVORITE COMEDY. 43-1t

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager.....JAMES E. HAYES.
Business Manager.....DAN SYMONS.
LAST NIGHTS OF LAST NIGHTS
G. L. FOX'S
POPULAR PANTOMIME,
WEE WILLIE WINKIE.
NOTICE.
Owing to forthcoming novelties, this highly successful pantomime must positively be withdrawn at a very early date.
Seats can now be secured for
THE LAST NIGHTS,
and
THE LAST WEDNESDAY
AND SATURDAY MATINEES.
IN REHEARSAL,
RICHELIEU,
with entirely new scenery, costumes, &c.
G. L. RICHELIEU.....FOX [1t*]

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
UNPARALLELED SUCCESS
OF THE
GRAND DRAMATIC SENSATION OF THE AGE,
DENSELY CROWDED AUDIENCES
NIGHTLY ATTEND THE
UNAPPROACHABLE SPLENDOR
OF THE
GREAT SPECTACLE,
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE
Will be presented
CHARLES BARRAS'
CELEBRATED DRAMA OF
THE BLACK CROOK,
With entire NEW SCENERY, COSTUMES and MUSIC, and the LARGEST GRAND BALLET CORPS
That ever appeared in America.
SEVERAL NEW AND BRILLIANT FEATURES
Have been introduced in addition to the
PREVIOUS WONDERFUL ATTRACTIONS. 43-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE,
514 BROADWAY, OPPOSITE ST. NICHOLAS.
BUTLER & GILMORE.....Managers.
MONS. LA THORNE.....Stage Manager.
THE GREAT STAR TROUPE EVERY NIGHT
IN A POWERFUL, SENSATIONAL PROGRAMME.
THE FAMOUS LAURI TROUPE,
EIGHT IN NUMBER. EIGHT IN NUMBER.
IN THEIR COMIC PANTOMIME OF
THE FIRE FIEND, THE FIRE FIEND,
THE FIRE FIEND, THE FIRE FIEND,
WITH ALL ITS GORGEOUS SCENIC EFFECTS.
THE WONDERFUL GYMNASTS,
MLLE. BLANCHE AND MR. GEORGE LEOPOLD.
THE GRAND BALLET TROUPE.
MLLE. GALLETTI, MLLE. AUGUSTA,
IN THE BEAUTIFUL FAIRY BALLET OF CRYSTALINE.
ETHIOPIAN BURLESQUES, PLANTATION SCENES,
SONGS, DANCES, ORATIONS, &c.
Matinee Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon at 2½ o'clock. 43-1t

WOOD'S MUSEUM.
LAST WEEK OF
THE LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE.
MISS THOMPSON IN COMEDY AND BURLESQUE.
Special engagement and first appearance of Mr. Fred. Dewar and Mr. H. R. Teesdale, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, in Charles Dana's comic drama, DELICATE GROUND, in which Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Fred. Dewar and Mr. Teesdale will appear. To be followed, for the last time, by
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.
FRIDAY,
FAREWELL BENEFIT OF MISS LYDIA THOMPSON.
MEON'S OVERSION AND SCENES FROM IXION,
Monday, Jan. 30th, RED HANDS.
First appearance of MISS LUCY RUSHTON.
MATINEE PERFORMANCES AT 2 P. M.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, production of an entirely new sensational drama, entitled
THE SPIRIT AVENGER,
with new scenery, costumes and effects. 43-1t

LINA EDWIN'S THEATRE.
LINA EDWIN.....Proprietor and Lessee.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25,
LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
OF
LAURA KEENE,
Who will have the honor of once more appearing before a New York audience in
DION BOUCICAULT'S
BEST PLAY
HUNTED DOWN;
OR,
THE TWO LIVES
OF
MARY LEIGH.
EACH ARTIST CAREFULLY SELECTED
FOR THEIR FITNESS FOR THE ROLE ASSIGNED.
NEW AND
BEAUTIFUL
SCENERY. 43-1t

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
585 BROADWAY.
MR. WAMBOLD will sing the new ballad entitled,
THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER,
THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER,
THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER,
THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER,
THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER.
Immense success of the opera
LES BRIGANDS,
with the Laughing and Whistling Choruses.
THE CARBINEER'S MARCH TO HASH.
DUEL ON HORSEBACK.
Entire change of programme.
Get your seats. Secured six days in advance. 43-1t*

NEW YORK CIRCUS.
L. B. LENT.....Director.
FAREWELL.
CINDERELLA
MATINEES,
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, AT 2½.
EVERY NIGHT AT 8.
GRAND DISPLAY.
MARVELOUS DEXTERITY AND ATHLETIC
EXHIBITIONS OF POWER AND AGILITY.
First appearance of the
ALI BEN ABDALLAH TROUPE
OF REAL BEDOUIN ARABS,
original and wonderfully endowed
CHILDREN OF THE DESERT.
A SUPERB DISPLAY OF LOFTY SOMERSAULTING,
GROUPINGS AND PYRAMIDS
EXTRAORDINARY FEATS OF MUSCULAR ENDURANCE,
UNPARALLELED ACTS OF DARING HORSEMANSHIP,
ACROBATIC AND GYMNATIC WONDERS. 43-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
W. B. FRELIGH.....Manager
GREAT EVENT OF THE SEASON.
HERNANDEZ FOSTER'S NEW AND
GORGEOUS PANTOMIME,
entitled
SEE-SAW!
After a lengthy preparation is now ready to present to the public, with all the effects of new and splendid scenery, marvelous mechanical wonders, novel and elaborate tricks and bewildering transformations.
The justly celebrated Hernandez Foster's Troupe of Pantomimists have been engaged to portray the principals in this superb production.
HERNANDEZ FOSTER.....as.....Clown
Aided by the strength of the regular company and numerous auxiliaries, male and female. The full and elaborate description will be found in the programme of the day.
NOTICE.—EVERY SATURDAY, A GRAND FAMILY SEE-SAW MATINEE at 2 o'clock. 43-1t

TONY PASTOR'S
OPERA HOUSE,
THE LAST SENSATION.
First appearance in New York of
MISS ADA WRAY'S
FEMALE MINSTRELS. FEMALE MINSTRELS.
FEMALE MINSTRELS. FEMALE MINSTRELS.
FEMALE MINSTRELS. FEMALE MINSTRELS.
A full band of
BEAUTIFUL AND TALENTED LADIES
IN NEW SONGS, GLEES, CHORUSES, JOKES, &c.
THE TRIP TO EUROPE.
SONGS OF MANY NATIONS.
"La Marseilles," "Watch on the Rhine," "Star Spangled Banner," "Land of the Shamrock," &c., with
GORGEOUS
NATIONAL
TABLEAUX.
TONY PASTOR'S DOUBLE STAR TROUPE.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2½. 43-1t

FOURTEENTH STREET
THEATRE, NEAR SIXTH AVENUE.
W. M. HOLLAND.....Lessee and Manager.
Engagement of Mr.
EDWIN FORREST.
EDWIN FORREST.
EDWIN FORREST.
EDWIN FORREST.
EDWIN FORREST.
COMMENCING MONDAY, Feb. 6.
Seats secured at the box-office six days in advance. 43-1t

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.
SIXTH WEEK.
"SARATOGA!"
MATINEE
EVERY SATURDAY
AT
HALF-PAST ONE 43-1t

DAN BRYANT'S NEW OPERA
HOUSE, 23d street, betw en the 6th and 7th avenues. 2d street
EVERY EVENING AT 8. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.
PASTIMES ON LEVEE. DEAF IN A HORN.
THE BABY ELEPHANT. CLODOCHE CAN-CAN.
THREE O'CLOCK TRAIN. LITTLE MAC'S ESSENCE.
TOMMY SULLY'S DANCES. THE BLACK BRIGANDS.
CAN YOU STAND ON YOUR HEAD. SEYMOUR, READ, McANDREWS. LITTLE MAC. DAN BRYANT.
FAMILY MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2 O'CLOCK. 43-1t*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 28TH, 1871.
GRAND COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT
TENDERED TO
PROFESSOR RISLEY,
BY THE PRINCIPAL MANAGERS AND ARTISTS OF THIS CITY.
A Great Bill will be presented. Full particulars in future advertisements. 43-1t

BROOKLYN OPERA HOUSE,
JUNCTION OF FULTON AND FLATBUSH AVENUES.
WELCH, HUGHES AND WHITE'S
BROOKLYN MINSTRELS.
IMMENSE SUCCESS.
DECIDED HIT OF MAST. HARRY JANVIER,
THE GREAT MUSICAL WONDER.
"CARRY THE NEWS TO MARY."
The Champions are
CHALLENGE PROGRAMME.
NOTICE.—The Public are respectfully informed that this will be the LAST WEEK OF THE PRESENT SEASON, the management having decided upon making a traveling tour for four weeks, for the purpose of making extensive alterations, enlarging and entirely re-modelling the Opera House. 43-1t*

RIGGS & FITZGERALD'S
DRAMATIC AGENCY,
For the general transaction of all Business appertaining to the Dramatic, Operatic, Musical, Equestrian, Costume and Publishing Professions. 512 Broadway, N. Y. city. N. B.—Particular attention given to Variety Theatres and Variety People. 43-1t*

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
J. C. THOMPSON,
The celebrated SHAKESPEREAN CLOWN, JESTER and VOCALIST, having lately arrived from England, and formerly of Hengler's, Thorne, Sinclair's and other English circuses, is now open for an engagement for the season. Apply to his authorized agents,
43-1t* RIGGS & FITZGERALD, 512 Broadway.

MISS NELLIE SHERRINGTON,
The Sparkling ENGLISH VOCALIST, having lately arrived from England, is open for engagements. Apply to her authorized agents,
43-1t* RIGGS & FITZGERALD, 512 Broadway.

THE GREAT
WILSON'S
This GYNASTIC TRIO are at present playing a highly successful engagement at the HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston. Will soon be at liberty to accept engagements. All communications must be addressed to their only authorized agents,
43-1t* RIGGS & FITZGERALD, 512 Broadway, N. Y.

CIRCUS MANAGERS ATTENTION.
The WILSON BROTHERS, 3 in number, are now prepared to arrange for the coming Tenting Season. Address
43-1t* RIGGS & FITZGERALD, 512 Broadway, N.Y.

THE WORLD'S WONDER,
MILLIE
TURNOUR
TREMENDOUS SUCCESS
at the GLOBE THEATRE, New York, of this beautiful PET OF THE PUBLIC. The press are unanimous in praise of this accomplished and graceful gymnast, whose performance on a single Trapeze is truly fascinating, pronounced by all who have witnessed it as having no equal. Will commence at FOX'S NEW AMERICAN THEATRE, Chestnut street, Philadelphia, JAN. 23d. All business communications for this lady must be addressed to
43-1t* RIGGS & FITZGERALD, 512 Broadway.

GEORGE AND BLANCHE
LEOPOLD
The GREATEST GYMNASTS of the present age. The wonder and admiration of New York. Champion LADY GYMNAST OF AMERICA, now drawing crowded houses at the Theatre Comique, Broadway. The greatest success on record. At each appearance greeted with tumultuous applause. Leave for California Feb. 5th. Address RIGGS & FITZGERALD. 43-1t*

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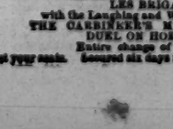

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
PRICE LIST
AND
DRAWINGS FREE.
I have used every maker's of note and have never been perfectly satisfied till now. M. ARBUCKLE,
Gilmore's Band, Boston.
They surpass every instrument of the same character that I have previously tried. J. LEVY.
The low notes, as well as the octaves, are equally easy of rendition. I find it faultless and like it better than any instruments I have ever tried. J. T. McKISSEN.
The most perfect instrument I ever owned. J. W. DYER,
Portland.
I would not exchange my Distin Cornet for any I have ever used, and I think I have tried as hard to find it as any one need to.
Jan. 12, 1871. L. W. DOUBLEDAY, Richfield Springs, N. Y.
The Distin Cornet is superior to any before the public.
HARTFORD, CONN., MARLOW, 19th, 1870.
I am delighted with the Cornet. The tone is far superior to any other; it blows easier, and in fact I would not change it for any Cornet I have ever seen, and that is the opinion of all who have tried it.
Jan. 9, 1870. Leader Stockton's Cornet Band, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
The instrument is the finest I have ever had in my hands. I am much pleased with it. LEWIS J. DAY, Green Bay, Wis.
HARTFORD, CONN., MARLOW, 19th, 1870.
GENTLEMEN.—The set of instruments received by our band from your house have, after a severe and thorough trial of three months, exceeded our most sanguine expectations. We knew that they would be good, but we have found them to be superb; and that is the universal verdict of musicians and all others who have heard them. They are remarkable for the PURITY AND SINGING QUALITY of their tones, and for possessing great resonant power, entirely devoid of harshness. We have never been able, on instruments that we have previously used, to so easily and completely master the extremes of Piano and Forte and the crescendo.
The testimony of individual members of the band is, that after a long and arduous engagement, they feel much less fatigued than when they were using other instruments.
THE ELEGANT AND THOROUGH WORKMANSHIP exhibited in each and every instrument demands especial notice. They are models of SHAPE, STRENGTH AND DURABILITY.
THE PATENT LIGHT VALVES are all that the most flattering testimonials from other sources have represented.
Among individual instruments particularly noticed by persons outside the band, may be mentioned the monster Champion Bass and Tenor Cors. The former is noticed for its smooth round tone, combined with immense power. The Tenor Cors were an experiment, but they have greatly exceeded what even a catalogue description, we had been led to expect of them. They unite the qualities of the French Horn and Saxhorn; and from their great flexibility, they make an excellent substitute for the former instrument in orchestra with the advantage of having the Saxhorn fingering; while in the brass band their tone, combined with the Trombones, gives to the middle instruments a quality rarely equaled in any bands in this country. Not the least desirable quality noticed by persons who listen to these instruments (the set), is their sounding in perfect tune in all keys. I do not think they can be excelled in temperament or tone.
Finally, each instrument is a model of its kind, and the combined effect of the whole all that could be desired.
Yours respectfully,
T. G. ADKINS, Leader Coll's Armory Band.
To Messrs. BOOSEY & CO., New York.
Sole Agents:—BOOSEY & CO., 4 Bond Street, New York. 43-1t

CIRCUS WAGONS FOR SALE.
1 Property, 1 Pole, 1 Stringer, 1 Panel, 1 Canvass, 1 Telegraph Wagon, 2 Pair Wheel Harness, a lot of Side, Quarter and Centre Poles, Guy Chains, Iron Guy Pins, 2 Chandeliers and Boxes, 1 Bass Drum, 1 Snare Drum, 1 pair of Cymbals, and a lot of other Circus property, which I will sell
CHEAP FOR CASH
or good security. Please apply or address to
AUGUSTINE COWANT,
City Hotel, Boston, Mass.
43-1t

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN'S
DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL AGENCY,
No. 643 BROADWAY.
DULY AUTHORIZED LONDON AGENTS,
PARRAVICINI AND CORBYN,
49 DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES, S. W.
1t

SPECIAL NOTICE.
Owing to the rapid increase of business and my present offices being altogether too small to accommodate my patrons, I have been compelled to secure larger premises and have taken a five years' lease of the premises 718 and 720 Broadway, being the entire portion of the building in front of Lina Edwin's Theatre. There are four floors, with large, wide, deep, airy and well lighted rooms, which I am at present fitting up in a magnificent manner, regardless of expense and every way adapted to the wants of managers and the profession. The most extensive preparations will be made and many long needed wants in a Dramatic Agency will be introduced. I shall open this MAMMOTH DRAMATIC AGENCY as quick as the artisans get it prepared. Full particulars shortly.
43-1t Col. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

THE WALHALLA
AND BIOPLASTIC TROUPES,
the greatest combination in America, can be secured for their truly wonderful GYMNASTIC AND ACROBATIC ACTS, their delightfully beautiful
TABLEAUX VIVANTS,
and their bewildering and transcendantly unapproachable
PRISMATIC FOUNTAINS
This troupe, having changed its managerial tactics, and placed the entire business under the control of the undersigned, I am prepared to arrange with first class managers throughout the country for not less than two nor more than four weeks. The party make their debut in New York, January 23d, for four weeks at the Globe Theatre. All communications to be addressed to
43-1t COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

OPERA HOUSE,
FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH.
V. E. BEAMER.....LESSEE
This well-established place of amusement having been leased by the well-known manager, V. E. BEAMER, will be opened on Monday, January 23d, for the proper representation of
BURLESQUE, COMEDY, DRAMA, VAUDEVILLE,
THE BALLET,
and all other first class entertainments, to be presented in as complete a manner as has been witnessed in any theatre in America. To carry out this in every sense of the word,
A GOOD DRAMATIC COMPANY,
complete in all its details, has been secured, competent to interpret the finest burlesque, the most recherche comedy, and, at the same time, assist as a first class operatic representation. 43-1t

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
LIBERTY STREET, PITTSBURGH.
V. E. BEAMER.....LESSEE.
This beautiful and finest equipped Theatre west of New York, well stocked with Scenery and every convenience, can be rented by the week or single night for first class entertainments. Apply to V. E. BEAMER or COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN. 43-1t

KNOCK AND SMITH,
The Champion Roller Skaters of America, can be secured for their Artistic and Comic Combination Acts; have been a great success at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, the past two week.
43-1t Address COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

E. D. BANKER,
GENERAL PERFORMER, WITH HIS SPECIALTIES,
Changes from white to black and black to white. Banjo Solos, Songs and Dances, Dutch and Irish Songs and Dances. Managers of Variety Theatres desirous of securing his services will address
43-1t COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

EMMA GRATTAN,
Character Change Vocalist, opens at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, on Jan. 30th, for four weeks, after which time she can be engaged by addressing COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN. 43-1t

MISS MARION TAYLOR,
BURLESQUE ACTRESS, COMEDIAN, AND PRIMA DONA OF
is at liberty to accept offers for her services. Address 34 Charles street, New York, or COL. ALLSTON BROWN. 43-1t*

JOHN M. CROWLEY, THE
well-known B

A POKER YARN.

AN OWER TRUE TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

On the wide extended plains,
Whar the buffl'ers crop the grass—
Whar the red-skin lifts your ha'r
And sends your soul—"I pass

One eve Long Pete and me
Sot down to ven'son haunch
When—sis—an arrow head
Struck Peter in the paunch.

Over he rolled and died,
As cold as any wedge,
While I for timber broke—
"Your say! I hold the edge."

Close pressin' on my rear,
I heard the Pawnees yell—
I turned around—old Betsey spoke,
And down the foremost fell.

Again she spoke—hurra! I'm safe!
There's only three to clean;
And on like the wolf-chased deer
I "raise that pile one bean!"

I sent 'em two more pills,
Jest as I reached the bush;
This wiped out all but one—
"Three Jacks! I've got a flush!"

"Play up! Whose deal? I'm blind!"
On come Vosher red—
"I'll stand these papers, Pat!"
With crafty, cat-like tread.

"I'll see that, and fifty better!"
Nigher he comes, and nigher;
Once more the echoes woke—
So! the darned old gun missed fire!

"You can't bluff me—I'll call!
Show your hand—let's see!"
"I am so! and two pair o' kings"—
Then the Injine, he shot me.

J. P. G.

GENO PECK ON SHOW FOLKS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY JOHNNY ENRIGHT.

My family *nom de plume* is Eugene Olander Peck, and thus am I addressed by my relatives and personal friends; but people of the lower order and of a very disrespectful nature have destroyed the poetical sense displayed in the romantic title of Eugene by hailing me as Geno. And now, throughout the picturesque village of Sheepstown, from the hard shell Baptist parson down to the cross eyed clerk of Squints' corner grocery, I am known as Geno Peck, editor and proprietor of the "Sheepstown Blast," a paper whose columns are exclusively devoted to publishing religious articles, prize fights, theatrical and musical items, and receipts for manufacturing bread pudding and removing freckles from the face. My theatrical criticisms are praised by all other critics and men of literature—in fact, all my sketches of the profession in general are admired by everybody who reads them.

Were you ever within the romantic walls of a theatre, there to behold the tragic stage, which our immortal Shakespeare compares to the world? It affords one a far greater pleasure than to go to a raffle or Saratoga, though I have often attended the former. I cannot say that I ever had the honor of visiting the latter, though I was personally acquainted with a young gentleman who married a dashing little widow who must and would attend Saratoga every summer, and he (my young friend) was possessed of a small fortune, accompanied by a mild temperament, and he consented to the extravagant desire of his wife's love, the natural consequence being that in a few years they were both enjoying their married bliss upon the third floor over a butcher shop. The last intelligence I received of them was that the extravagant widow was canvassing for the literary works of Harriet Beecher Stowe; and the husband, poor victim of a foolish woman's desires, consoled his broken heart by "taking to the stage," (the last resort for fallen fortunes.) Well, here I am neglecting my subject. Now I must admit that I am very forgetful, so much so that I once attended a "prayer meeting" with a green umbrella, which I purchased at an enormous expenditure from a Chicago dollar store, and, depositing it among several other umbrellas, I had the misfortune shortly before the close of service to unmindfully carry off a gold headed cane belonging to the deacon.

But to adhere to my subject, which I shall commence by informing you that all along the principal thoroughfares could plainly be discerned the glaring bills announcing the first appearance of "Mr. Blazes L. Thunderbolt," the eminent tragedian, at the "Squash Hollow Theatre." Upon the night of his grand *debut* I, of course, entered the theatre, to report in full for the morning's sheet the success of B. L. Thunderbolt, Esq. Whilst within the tragic walls I beheld an assemblage of people of all classes. Here was the newly married Bogul and wife, and directly opposite them sat, or rather "reclined," Miss Elephena De Fogarty (whose father was formerly a member of the commissary department), in company with Hashy Dishup, a dry goods clerk, on a salary of six dollars a week. Every one was present to witness the Shakesperean rendition of "Romeo and Juliet," which was the play of the evening, and ended very much to the delight of every Jenkins present adore his Jerusha in a most ardent manner. I had fallen into a doze over the rheumatic strains of a very unmusical Dutch orchestra (whose leader was formerly bass drummist of a Bohemian band) but was suddenly awakened from my reverie by a boy exclaiming in a squeaky voice from the height of the gallery, "Supe! Supe!" which theatrical appendage led me to believe that the play was in progress; and so it was, for there, with all the majestic splendor of an overgrown Dutch girl, I beheld the fair Juliet of the evening (who toed in a little from the effect of bunions), loudly crying out, "Re-e-e-omeo, me Re-e-e-omeo, where art thou?" And presently Mr. Thunderbolt, the hero of the night, made his appearance. How much he resembles Macready," said one; "The emblem of McKean Buchanan," remarked another. Suddenly rushing in a bow legged manner to the footlights, he spoke as follows—me fair Julee-yet, sweet good night, and may this yere bud of love p-r-r-oove a b-b-beauteous mushmellon when next we meet." At this juncture all the preceding complimentary remarks about his resemblance to the aforesaid notable actors were suddenly doubted by "Pooch O'Hoolihan," a Shakespearean critic from the gallery, delivering a well aimed despatch in the form of a rotten egg upon the garments of Mr. Thunderbolt, which finally terminated by the curtain descending upon the scene of dismay.

All in all, the theatre is a living picture in itself, the gaudy curtain being the party who witheld all the secrets which may have transpired betwixt audience and actors. We have had a slight description of the former, and now let us take a peep behind the curtain. There we see the haughty leading man, the grimacing comedian, and last, but not least, the skinny boned utility man, and still that is but a portion of what we view, for there is the painted beauties, with their pedal extremities well padded, enjoying a little *tete a tete* with young Mr. Fitzfoodle Fitzulip and a few others of the village beaux (who pay extra for admittance behind the scenes), who are greatly admiring their beauty, while the jealous prompter throws a vicious eye upon them every now and then. And there's the poor mis made "supe;" poor old soul, every pity his struggling creature! Is it not a shame, I say, to heap insult after insult upon this poor being, of which every stage must boast. Think now that that hard working supe may be but supporting a widowed mother or a "lank legged bully hopper;" or think of the future prosperity that may be in store for him, to perhaps become a great actor. It often happens so. For instance, I once knew a supe who was former'y a care.ess he bloke, but what did he turn out to be? Read the criticisms awarded him by the press. After years of toil and studious perseverence he finally made his *debut*, and I am proud to say that he was made the recipient of stuffed clubs and orange peels in numerous quantities.

Now, having slightly dissected theatres, their actors and audiences, let us visit our "sable brethren," the minstrels. Having gained the inside of the house, we are ourselves, and for the space of fifteen minutes rest our weary orbs upon the dozen chairs assembled upon the stage. As soon as the time announced elapses, the burnt corkists walk quickly out upon the boards, led by the gay and festive tambo, who is always known by an enormity of mouth. After making their graceful bow, they become seated, when the gentleman in the centre, with the great black moustache, announces in a voice of thunder, "G-r-r-nd introductory overture," which, after being artistically completed, he (the middle man) inquires:—"Well, Bones, how do you feel this evening?" "Oh, a kind o' grumtious," answers Bones. "And Tambo, how is it with you?" "Well, I feel a kind o' salubrious, considerin'," replies Tambo. After which a select few of the audience, who have gained admission upon the "free list," make a very vain endeavor to smile, and the man with the deep voice announces, "Opening chorus," after which comes the usual number of stale gags and time worn ballads, that were long ago crammed by all the street organs in town. Part second introduces a lean legged clog dancer, who is followed by an equally graceful looking burlesque *prima donna*, in dirty tights, which finally gives place to an old time "negro farce," announced under its thirty-first title, and termed "Laughable Burlesque." Next comes the old, cut-beard banjo solo, in which the manipulator of said instrument informs his disgusted hearers, in a sort of a gentle, ginsore voice, "how a monkey went up a tree until he couldn't get up any further," &c., which is by the unusual sound of hissing squelched for good. After another "laughable burlesque" (by request), comes the walk around, which finally terminates the evening's performance.

Now we pass on from the minstrels to the dream of our boyhood, the enchanting circus. It was not upon a dismal, dreary night, one with which owls have to do (as all novelists commence a thrilling tale), nor upon a calm and beautiful moonlight evening, when the flowers smell fifty per cent in advance of Limburger cheese! No. It was one sunny afternoon, about half-past two o'clock, when the frogs had ceased their soul-inspiring warbling, and the watch dog of yon tower had quieted his noisome murmuring. It was upon that particular afternoon that I started out to visit the circus, which I found to be upon the outskirts of the city. There was a great throng of idlers lounging about the large canvas tent, which was surrounded by several catch-penny shows, candy vendors, fortune tellers, &c. It was the same original circus of olden times; there was the same small boy creeping under the canvass, whilst the same half drowsy watchman seized him by the seat of his unmentionables, and after depositing the urchin upside down, looked around for more victims, and then savagely remarked:—"Sberry yer knibbs h'outside the ropes, Cully." Soon after I perceived a group of sharpers watching me very closely, till finally one of the party approached me, and inquired very particularly about my health; to which inquisitiveness I assured him that it was progressing rather tolerably. He afterward politely extended to me an invitation to witness a game of three card monte, but I excused myself from the duty by informing my friend that I never played anything but seven up and old sledge. Well, after crowding and pushing for some time, I made my way to the ticket office and deposited fifty cents, for which I received the card which admitted me to the show. The ring was besprinkled with sawdust, wherein a half a dozen "supers" were busily engaged in hoeing and scraping; the large elephant was flapping his ears and chawing gingerbread, received from the generous hands of several verdant admirers. And there was the young man with his hair well greased and combed over his eyebrows, adorned with a flashy red necktie, loudly shouting:—"Here's yer nice peanuts, candies, lemonade, upon these 'top seats, gentlemen;" while upon the opposite side was a slender youth, with a bogus paste diamond pin, and a weak moustache, crying out at the top of his voice, "Who'll buy the clown's own song book?" &c. At length the band struck up, and several ladies and gentlemen, forming the grand *entree*, entered the ring. They were gaudily attired in knight's armor, and after making a grand display, quickly galloped their horses out of the "magic circle." Next entered the ringmaster, arrayed in long spangled coat, vest, ruffled shirt and striped pantaloons, carrying in his right hand a large whip, with the lash secured in the left. In a very eloquent manner he announced the appearance of Madamoiselle a la De Hoplightloo, which female personage, in response to the applause, bounded into the circle in a sylph-like manner, and by the help of the ringmaster, ascended the back of a fiery steed, riding around the ring a few minutes; she then checked her rein for a test. "Now I wonder where Mr. Funny Tickleme can be," exclaimed the ring master. "Here I am, at your service, sir," replies the comical looking genius with the high hat, whom we know, by the peals of laughter arising from the audience, must be the clown. "Well, Madame, is there anything you desire?" inquires the master. "Yes, sir I should like the banners, if you please." "What can I go for to fetch, (or to bring to you?" says the clown. "Why, you stupid blockhead, she wishes the banners." "Banners of war or banners of peace?" asks the clown. The master snaps his whip, the clown limps out and returns with the banners. Standing upon the edge of the ring he manages to knock a hole over while holding the banner, which causes the crowd to roar with laughter. Madam, oiselle leaps over the banners, and then rides gloriously out of the ring, to the delight and admiration of all present. The clown then sings a comic song, which is followed by more equestrianism, gymnastics, &c., and at last the ringmaster appears again and thanks the audience, in a very polite manner, for their kind attendance, and announces that the performance will conclude by the introduction of the trick mules, "Pete" and "Barney," and also desires some young boy to ride them. Suddenly a dirty faced bootblack sallis into the ring headforemost, displaying about a foot of "flag of truce," and after mounting one of the mules is pitched back into the crowd, to thereby enable a large darkey to come forward, who rides the mule triumphantly, to the delight of the happy crowd, who now push and crowd for the exterior of the tent.

The next place I visited was a "side show," which I shall endeavor to describe:—Standing upon a high box, I beheld in front of a small tent a lantern-jawed Yankee, who was vociferously informing a small crowd that "Now was that time to step for'ard and pass in fur to see the fat woman, the boa constrictor and the educated hog." After considering what unsociable company the fat lady was keeping, I drew forth the sum of twenty-five cents, and handing it to my Yankee friend, passed upon the inside as he cried out, "And still another man made happy." After entering, the first object that met my eye was a ring tailed monkey making grimaces at the fat woman who was reclining in a large chair, being the centre attraction of a few small boys, one of whom inquired of his friend, Jim, as to how the latter would like to board her for a week, at which remark his youthful companions giggled, while the corpulent lady gazed fiercely at the precocious urch'n, who was then engaged in tickling the kangaroo's ear with a straw. I was just on the eve of addressing her ladyship, so as to engage in a little conversation, when the impudent, red haired organ grinder approached me, and rudely tapping me on the shoulder, remarked something after the following:—"I say, Cuiley, will yer grind fur a spell till I go's out and gets some chawin terbacker?" Gazing for a moment in blank astonishment at the insolent fellow, I rushed madly out, most confirmedly assured that the manners and habits of certain "show folk" were not at all suited to the tastes of Mr. Eugene Olander Peck, editor in chief of the *Sheepstown Blast.*

"JACK'S RECRUIT."

Erected to the Brussian Sentinel.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

We had been hunting for three days on Spring Creek, had all the game we could wish for, and were to start for the fort next morning, which would give us two days to get back in time to give the boys a good Christmas dinner. Spring Creek runs into the South Concho and is a splendid hunting ground.

In three days we had filled our wagon (army) with turkeys, antelope and quail. What a field of operation for my old friend, Jack Taylor! For if any one ever did like hunting, it was Jack. Well, I remember him and his two dogs, and I don't believe there is a spot "over in New Jersey," from Cape May to Fort Lee, that he has not traveled over and over. It was there Jack first got the hang of knocking the spots out of pigeons.

But to our hunting expedition. We had started a good fire and all hands were sitting around it, smoking and enjoying themselves as only hunters can. Most of the boys had made up their minds to sit up all night in order to have an early start in the morning; and, perhaps, the Indians being in our vicinity, had something to with it, but this fact none of the boys would admit. Many a dry story was told that night, and, among the rest, "Jack Hark's Recruit Yarn;" and, like most of old "vets," Jack has a strong dislike for recruits. One of the boys remarked that we would be apt to find the new recruits for the regiment at the fort on our return. This set Jack in bad humor, which was noticed by Andy Gu ersor, who had served many a year with the old "vet," and thought it was just the time to strike him for a good story.

"Jack," says Andy, "how about the recruit at Fort Duncan?"

"Never mind the recruit," was Jack's reply.

This set all hands anxious to hear about the Fo t Duncan affair. So, after some coaxing, Jack was induced to relate the following story:—

Before the war our company was stationed at Fort Duncan, on the Rio Grande, and had just received a lot of recruits. We had plenty of drill, as you know is always the case when we get them—that is one reason why I hate to have recruits come to the post. Well, I was on guard as sergeant, and had charge, as we had no officer of the guard at "one company posts" in those days; but I had an officer of the day. We had just come from West Point, and you bet he was a "Pointer." I have seen many of them in my time, but for strict soldiering he beat any I ever met; and, boys, to tell you the truth I was afraid of him, and made up my mind to do my duty "up to the handle" on that guard, and would have done so, had it not been for that crazy recruit who got the best of me.

Shortly after we had mounted guard, the officer of the day told me that he would hold me responsible for the instructions to the sentinels, and especially the recruits. So I took due notice thereof and governed myself accordingly." I went around to each relief and instructed them in all their duties as far as I was capable of doing. Everything went on well until about 11 o'clock at night, when, thinking "the gentleman from West Point" would make his rounds after midnight (as he was required to do), I started to see now the sentinels stood in regard to their instructions and to make myself known to the officer of the day. I found them well instructed till I came to Post No. 3, and I tried all in my power to make him repeat his orders; but it was no use, so, getting mad, I took his musket and said:—

"Now you must do as I do."

"I'll do my best," says the Recruit.

I brought the musket to an Arms-a-Post, and commenced—

"Take charge of this Post," etc. When I got through I started to hand the musket to him, when he remarked:—

"The Corporal told me more than you."

"What else did he tell you?" I asked.

"He told me something about not allowing any one to relieve me off post but you and the officer of the day."

"That's right," says I; "I forgot to tell you not to allow anyone but the commanding officer, officer of the day, or one of the non-commissioned officers of the guard to relieve you from your post."

He had not taken the musket as offered, but coolly picked up my sword, which I had placed against the sentry-box, while I was showing him what to do with his musket, and deliberately started off, saying he would see how the rest of the posts were getting along. I called him back, but it was no go. There I was on post, "duly posted," and what to do I did not know. If I called the corporal of the guard, all the boys would have the laugh on me, and if the officer of the day should come round, I was gone up to a dead certainty. So I paced up and down, thinking what was best to do under the circumstances, and hoping that my recruit would return. "To leave the post was *death* or *worse punishment.*" Well, I tell you, boys, the cold sweat ran off me while I was on that post. I was just about to call the corporal of the guard, "Post No. 3," when I saw some one approaching. Now for it, thinks I.

"Who comes there?" I yelled like one man.

"Officer of the day," was the sharp response.

"Advance, officer of the day" (we had no coun'ersign.) Up he comes.

"What are your orders on this post?" asked my new comer, as he advanced. I noticed that he had his sash on the wrong shoulder; and who do you suppose it was? Well, it was the recruit. When I saw him and the fix he was in I could hardly refrain from laughing.

"Take this musket and post, you villain!" shouted I.

"Silence, sir, or I'll tie you up," was my first salute from the Recruit.

Well, here was a fix at 12 o'clock P. M. So, seeing that I would have to deal with him kindly to get myself out of a bad mess, I told him to stop his nonsense and take his post before the officer of the day came around, and I would not say anything about the affair, but he positively informed me that "the officer of the day will not trouble you till I go back, for I have just left him asleep in his room, and this is his sword and sash. I thought I might as well go around for *him* and see how the boys were getting along myself." After some time he consented to give me the officer's sword and sash and take the post. I went to the officer of the day's room and found him asleep, as reported by the recruit, and left his sword and sash. On my arrival at the guard house I found that the officer of the day (?) had visited all the posts. The whole affair was kept quiet. About three months after poor Jack Boyce (for this was the recruit's name) was sent to the asylum at Washington, where he spent about a year. When he got well he returned to the regiment, and if any of the boys would tell him of his doings while crazy he would laugh heartily and all hands

REJOICE.

Fort Concho, Texas, Dec. 18, 1870.

A STUPID WITNESS.—Those who are in the habit of attending police and other courts may probably have observed the difficulty under which the lawyers and judges labor sometimes in getting witnesses to testify in legal form. The following, which recently took place at a Cincinnati (Ohio) court, is an amusing and perfect example. A man had been caught in the act of theft, and pleaded in extenuation that he was drunk:—

Court (to the policeman who was witness)—"What did the man say when you arrested him?"

Witness—"He said he was drunk."

Court—"I want his precise words, just as he uttered them; he didn't use the pronoun *he*, did he? He didn't say 'he was drunk'?"

Witness—"Oh, yes, he did—he said he was drunk; he acknowledged the corn."

Court (getting impatient at the witness' stupidity)—"You don't understand me at all; I want the words as he uttered them; didn't he say 'I was drunk'?"

Witness—(deeply thought)—"No, your Honor. He didn't say you was drunk; I wouldn't allow any man to charge that upon you in my presence."

Prosecutor—"Pshaw, you don't comprehend at all. His Honor means, did not the prisoner say to you, 'I was drunk'?"

Witness (reflectively)—Well, he might have said you was drunk, but I didn't hear him."

Attorney for the prisoner—"What the Court desires is to have you state the prisoner's own words, preserving the precise form of pronoun that he made use of in reply. Was it the first person, I, the second person, thou, or the third person, he, she or it? Now, then, sir (with severity), upon your oath, didn't my client say, 'I was drunk'?"

Witness (getting mad)—"No, he didn't say you was drunk either, but if he had I reckon he wouldn't a lied say. Do you 'spose the poor fellow charged this whole court with being drunk?"

PRESCRIBING REMEDIES.—Dr. Cabarrus, whose death has attracted so much attention, was a very witty man, and several of his *bon mots* are now floating about the press. On one occasion he was called to attend a very pretty actress, and after duly feeling her pulse and looking at her tongue, he pronounced that marriage was the only cure. "You are single, are you not, my dear doctor?" she asked. "Yes, madam, but the doctors only prescribe the remedies, they do not take them," was the rejoinder.

A PRIMARY DUTY.—A colored woman, who had lately been converted, was so unfortunate as to fly into a passion over the misdoings of one of her neighbours' youngsters. A friend remarked upon the impropriety of such conduct in the case of one about to join the church, and received this frank response:—"I have 'sperienced religion an' I'se gwine to join de church; but, Miss B—, I'll scald dat nigger fust."

LAZYNESS is a good deal like money—the more a man has ov it the more he seems tew want.

GOING DOWN THE HILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY F. E. JORDAN.

The world is gloomy and and cold;
Troubles my poor heart fills;
I've now no home, nor friends, nor gold—
I'm going down the hill.

Many an empty hypocrite's greeting
Once banished my every ill;
But it proved a friendship languid, fleeting,
While I went down the hill.

One would call me chum and brother,
With a seeming honest will,
But he had no grief to smother
While I went down the hill.

One swore I'd a friend when he was near,
And kept his vow until
My purse grew low and my prospects drear,
While going down the hill.

No act unlawful, no deed of shame,
Made me lowly—still
Those I had loved ignored my name
While going down the hill.

But thanks to Thee, great God, and praise
From man and brute, and rill,
Thou'st lent me one my poor heart to raise
While going down the hill.

Through night and morning, sunshine, gloom,
Ellie's voice would thrill
My wearied heart, that feared it's doom
Was ne'er t' ascend the hill.

But a better day, thank Heaven, came,
And Ellie's love was still
Unchanged and pure—yet 'twas the same
While I went down the hill!

THE WELSHER.

Yolcks to em down with him! yo-i-c-k-s! There they go, swaying backwards and forwards, now this way, now that, the crowd led by two or three resolute men with angry determination written on their countenances. A dirty dust begrimed, tattered figure, bearing but pale, scared, dust begrimed, tattered figure, bearing but a very faint resemblance to a member of the human species in their midst, worried and kicked and thumped and hauled to and fro in all directions.

Down with him! strip him!

Ay, strip him, but in mercy don't kill him. Let him slink off and hide his blood stained, scowling face in the nearest ditch. Catch cold? Not he. Before the numbers for the next race are up on the telegraph board he will be clothed, and in the nearest approach to a right mind that such a scoundrel can ever, in his wildest dreams, hope to attain. His accomplices, having been quiet spectators of the fray from afar, as soon as the coast is clear will pour balm into the wounded heart of their comrade in the matter of fact form of a good go in at gin, and, opening a Woodin-like carpet-bag, bid him choose out of its portable wardrobe an entire suit capable of repairing his somewhat ruffled air of respectability.

It must be the very lowest of the low form of welsher who has not one or more changes of raiment at hand; some, indeed, have various wigs and false whiskers at their command. There is a something about the worrying of a welsher vividly recalling to one's imagination a pack of hounds breaking up their fox. You have the growling oaths, the fierce yells, and the shifting scrimmage and struggles at times to perfection. Once I managed a most revolting scene. A wretched creature, after having been terribly mauled, was stripped even to his very boots; then, after a rustic wit had clapped the poor wretch's battered-in hat upon his head, he tore away after the fashion of the original full dress costume of the immortal African king, amidst the derisive yells of the crowd. *Apropos* of the African thing, there is a story told of this monarch having been greatly impressed by the chemical action of a seidlitz powder on board an English man-of war stationed on the coast, so much so that by force of entreaty he obtained a large box full from the surgeon, with cautious directions in the English tongue as to their use, which he, poor devil, in his conceit, professed to understand. On arriving home at his court, fatigued by his walk, he determined upon indulging in a big drink; so having carefully dissolved all the blue papers in a huge pannikin of water he drank off the contents at a draught. Then this mighty potentate, with a sly wink at his own profound sagacity, repeated the process with the white powders. Native historians apparently differ as to the result, some asserting that he exploded after the manner of the most approved torpedo of modern times, and that his courtiers, during a most impressive silence, picked up the pieces; while another influential literary party represent that, rising as a balloon, he vanished as that of old Romulus into air.

But to return to the welsher. He, as a rule, belongs to a small party of from three to six engaged in the same lucrative, if not strictly honorable calling. The abolition of the betting lists has struck a severe blow at the root of his profession. There in the good old days he took his stand in all his glory, with the name very often of some respectable bookmaker emblazoned on a huge banner, the better known and more respected the bookmaker the oftener, of course, would his name be borrowed. Thus Mr. Charles Bell-yard, city, than whom few bookmakers stand higher for honor and integrity, flaunted in huge letters gaily at most metropolitan meetings over the heads of men whose villainous faces ought to have been sufficient evidence to denounce them as dying scoundrels. In vain has Mr. Charles Bush both advertised and warned his customers, time after time, that he never attends race meetings, neither does he at any time authorise others to represent him. There is *a je ne sais quoi* about the welsher that ought to betray him to anybody but a dweller in the remote provinces; whether it is his restless eye, his fawning anxiety to come to terms, or be it what it may, there that *something* is. He generally overacts his part, too, the fault by-the-by, of most indifferent actors, by making such a fuss and unnecessary to-do about the exact spot where the rendezvous for settlement after the race is to be. His betting book is usually new, and bearing unmistakable signs of three for a shilling. Anybody can see a welsher of any position with a stumpy pencil? They almost invariably point at you with a huge long one, emblematic, as it were, of their account at their bankers. At his "list" the welsher would actually now and then pay on the first one or two races, making his bolt during the time that the great race of the day was being run; but far more often still would he *promote* to pay himself on the early races after *the* race of the day was over. In his anxiety to do business he again overacts his part. Watch him at his "list" with outstretched neck, yelling like a demon, "They're all prized" (probably meaning priced). By laying a point or two more than the proper odds he secures numerous flats, but in offering, as he constantly will, 10 to 1 against a horse at 2 to 1 in the ring, the dupe, to stake his money there, must be possessed of a swallow scarcely to be surpassed by that of the famous boa-constrictor who made a meal of his bed clothes.

The Epsom Summer Meeting may well be styled the welsher's benefit, were it not, perhaps, for the grand stand, that stately edifice being, probably, in point of accommodation, a far greater do. On those memorable downs congregate welshers from every part of the United Kingdom, and wonderment marvels, as it does in times of riot and disorganization at Paris, where on earth they and the French legions of roughs have sprung from. Here, year after year, "the young man from the country" is represented by hundreds and thousands eager to be initiated into the mysteries of their first Derby, many and many of these arriving on the downs full of happiness and jollity, to return home with a lightened pocket and careworn face, having offered up their all at the shrine of the irrepressible sharper. But what appears to us so strange is to see our friend whom we had credited with any amount of that sterling commodity common sense, suddenly metamorphosed into a species of escaped lunatic, imploring us, "an' we love him," to tell him, and quickly too, whether we know Smith or Jones, of Tattersall's (?), with whom he has staked a "pony" and won.

Welshers often lurk about by the side of respectable bookmakers, and in the case of the latter being unable to obtain his price, say 10 to 1, from the bookmaker, who will not stir a point over 7, the welsher, politely stepping forward, offers to lay the desired odds. Now this, as a matter of course, places the backer, especially should he be a timid man or in any way keenly sensitive to giving offence, in a disagreeable predicament; for the fact of refusing to accept the man's proffered odds is tantamount to politely giving him to understand that if he is not a welsher, he is at all events an uncommon good imitation of one. If we could only see the list of shrewd men who year after year are welshed, and who swallow their bitter pill in silence, we should indeed open our eyes. Many welshers have also an interest in the countless roulette tables springing up as if by magic amongst the carriages about luncheon time; in fact, no rascality in the way of plundering, swindling or pilfering comes amiss to the real genuine welsher. Latterly they have formed an alliance both agressive and defensive, with sundry bright lights of the other ring; "the Birmingham Big un," or "the crafty Pot boy," and other renowned heroes, kindred spirits of the welshers, may, or rather might, during the "list" days, have been seen dignifying by their presence, and to a measure guaranteeing immunity to the playful humor displayed by their confederates in utterly ignoring all claims to bets fairly lost. Not long ago, at one of those gatherings of thieves, better known perhaps to the outside world as metropolitan race meetings, a gentleman backed a horse at a betting list presided over by such a firm. His horse won. On applying for his money and presenting his ticket, the ticket was torn in two, he being informed that as he had backed a totally different horse the best thing he could do under the circumstances would be to "move on." Another hint given by one of the gang, a hideous looking monster with a head like a bulldog's, and a nose that gave the casual observer the fixed idea that it must have been trod upon during infancy, rudely jostling against him and knocking the cigar out of his mouth.

To plant a blow on the fat nosed man's cavern like jaw was to the gentleman (as they say in the novel of the period) but the hurried work of an instant. The betting list being in a somewhat retired part of the race course, the crowd of ruffians assembled there demanded a "mill." Our gentleman, nothing loth, for by this time he, to use another vulgarism, had his monkey well up; and, probably imagining himself back in that little piece of grass in front of the racket courts at Harrow deliberately took off his hat, which he entrusted to one worthy, his coat to another, and his waistcoat, containing his watch, to the tender care of a third, who had exhibited the greatest keenness on his behalf; to the last he gave strict injunctions to take care of his watch whatever he did. In five minutes the prize fighter had, after knocking him about frightfully, fallen playfully upon him as he lay half stunned on the ground, thus knocking the little remaining breath out of his body. Of course, when the "country bobby," who had been looking on with the keenest relish to the whole proceedings, saw there was an end to the sport he raised our friend up, who found, to his utter dismay, that his backers had deserted him one and all; but that, faithful to his instructions, they had not relinquished their hold of his property. He made his best way to the nearest hotel amid the oft repeated cry of "welsher," and a shower of stones, cocoanut shells, and orange peel, while everybody driving by cut at him with their whip, and on arriving at the hotel door he narrowly escaped being stripped of the few remaining garments he still was left possession of. He unfolded his moving tale to the landlord, who kindly rigged him out in an old coat that he didn't much ever care about seeing again, and so in this plight our friend arrived at his hotel in London, to the utter consternation of the "boots," who at first refused to admit him.

Welshers of the most respectable appearance very often are in possession of two or more betting books, in which they enter their bets differently, after the race producing of course the one most conductive to their own interest, thus strengthing their solemn assertion, made with the most delightful air of injured innocence, that "the gentleman backed the other horse," offering also to submit their betting book to inspection, and to leave the matter to arbitration; and should the backer, as is so often the case, have omitted to enter the bet, the Welsher's case is by no means a weak one. At times they will actually turn the tables on their victim by accusing him of being himself a Welsher, and appealing to the crowd of bystanders, composed for the most part of accomplices and sympathizing roughs, endeavor by threats and a judicious amount of hustling to rid themselves of their accuser; this method failing, raising the cry of welsher in order to disarm interference, they will occasionally set upon him, and rob him of his watch, money and every valuable about his person in a twinkling. It is a disgrace, both to the police as well as to the active authorities on race courses, that the welsher should be suffered to pursue his swindling business with all but perfect impunity. Right well he knows he has nothing to dread from the police, in whom, on the contrary, he will find a sure refuge when suffering for his villainy at the hands of an angry mob. In fact, this mild form of lynching and a horsepond are the only obstacles to an unchequered career of systematic and successful robbery.

The welsher deserves no pity, being, as he is, on the turf a social scourge, a metaphorical man-eater, against whom the racing world should rise as one man to crush and ruthlessly to exterminate wherever he may be discovered. This consummation, however devoutly to be wished for, is under existing circumstances beyond even the range of hope, for the very wildest imagination can scarcely picture Colonel Henderson and Mr. Bruce both becoming plungers on the turf, and being welshed for a "monkey" apiece; and until this takes place we must patiently submit to the importunities and unceasing roar of the welsher.—*Baily's Magazine.*

THE PENALTIES OF GREATNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Here is a little drama of *public private life* which will be read with satisfaction by those who believe that the pathway of successful dramatic artists is strewn with roses, and that their greatest troubles, when before the lights, is to dodge the boquets with which they are pelted.

SCENE.—*The private studio of a public favorite—A comfortable fire blazing in open grate—Luxurious furniture and accessories—A large centre table loaded with manuscripts and letters—Book cases groaning with loads of books—*

THE ILLUSTRIOUS (*Mr. Sempromies Turquin*) *discovered trying to read a part. He dashes down the book, and paces the room with hasty strides.*

THE I. (*soliloquizing*)—"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Once I was young, ambitious, emulous,
To reach that topmost round on glory's ladder,
Where the bold climber, dazzled with its rays,
Beholds himself transfigured to a god!
Alas! my drama's proved a pantomime;
My golden crown's to laborer's cap transform'd,
The sceptre is a serpent turned to writhing,
And the soft couch is down with roses spread,
On which I hoped to lie is stuff with thorns.
Away, vain dreams! I'll con the part no more!

Enter Boy, with Newspapers.

Um! here's pabulum to soothe my wounded pride.
Doubtless I now shall see for hundredth time
How far the common rabble I transcend,
Who, if but one slight lapse I should commit,
In one brief instant from my eminence hurl'd,
Would flounder in the mire of public scorn.
Here's Puff, the critic. Old friend, art thou there?
(*Reads*) "Last night Old Drury saw a thrilling sight;
For on its stage our Tarquin, glory's child,
Renewed the laurels of his vigorous praise.
He to all rivals has been long proclaimed
Hyperion to a satyr." Pah! and thus
Through reams of fulsome praise. Stay, here is one
That's bold enough to suit Diogenes,
And sith I'm in that mood, why I'll read on:—
"Our city's fair repute is quite undone,
For yesternight our Tarquin came to place
The foolscap on her mildly smirking brow."
Ha! hum! what's this?—"Vain, wandering egotist.....
.....Halt's in his speech as in his gait..... Destroys
By careless reading sense of what was plain.....
Take up the saw and buck, the plane, the hoe!"

(*Tears up paper in a fit of rage.*)

Out! paltering driveler! Must the public's pet
Stoop to be spattered with your inkstand's slime?
Strike from the free list that detested name,
And, harkyee, boy—hie to the printer straight,
Bear off his printing to another shop,
Order his paper stopped. Take this! to Puff,

(*Gives him a greenback*)

And tell him I would see him. Hence, away!

Takes up another paper.

What's here? A phase in quite another strain.
H'm! Testimonial—speeches, presentations—
Hah! indeed!
"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious by this gracious son of York."

(*Door flies open, and enter Orestes Crummels, the distinguished manager. They embrace.*)

THE I. (*aside*).—And all the clouds that lowered upon our house—

CRUM.—Let him that talks of clouds be dead and buried!

JACK.—We're a tall success. The box book's full,
And 'een the gallery seats fetch treble price;
Letters of compliment my table strew.
Shall we not now enact in private life
Pylades to Orestes?

THE I.—Rather say,
Damon to Pythias, since I saved thy hash.

CRUM.—Thou! but time presses—these but idle words.
See, I have brought thy part; we meet at ten
For first rehearsal. See thou straightway come;
And, recollect, thou din'st with me at four.
Adieu, my Pylades!
Orestes, *vale!*

THE I.
A noble fellow, that—a godlike genius!
No pride, no envy—friendship like to his
Doth make amends for all these minor slurs.

(*Opens book left by Crummels.*)

Othello—Shakespeare's masterpiece! What's this?
Othello, Crummels; I to play Iago?
I don't like this Iago—not a part
To make a hit in. Villains are not my *forte.*
Why not give me Othello? Did the knave
Think me so flat that while he draws the tears
From sympathetic eyes, the public scowl
At my best efforts, and, in going home
After the play to one another mutter,
"A most disgusting fellow, that Iago!"
I'll not play it, that's flat! And, so, here goes:

(*Writes declinatory letter to Crummels, and dispatches by servant.*)

H'm! Here are some requests to play for "Bens,"
And here's a note from an old friend of Greek,
Who, in the days that I damned his piece,
This is good nature's usual reward;
The only points that struck them I put in,
And of his halting nonsense good sense made,
Nor charged him sixpence for't. Ungrateful scrub!

(*Re-enter boy with note.*)

Here's a reply, at last. Frightened, no doubt,
And concedes all I ask. I'll answer him:
Sends but these lines in answer:—"My Orestes—
Since thou'lt decline my efforts for thy good,
Although I prize thee, be it understood that we two
can't kneel at once at glory's shrine.
Cassio, I love thee; but never more be officer of mine!
Ha! says he so? Then I perforce must seek
The *power behind the throne.* His hawk soars high,
But my proud falcon brings his truant down!

YOUNG LADIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARK QUENCHER.

Dis is a fery dicklish subjeck vich I hafe choosed. Id is von vich muad been dreaded jendly and carefully, but, being a oldt fellow, I muad been all vell blainly room. No one in dis town like me ven I say dey are quide a numerous number of young ladies und olt bachelors (dose base addembds ad independence) vill side mid me ven I visper dot dere are doo many of dem, und berhaps some busded-hearded lofer, as he dinks of his faithless schweedheard, will silendly echo, "Von doo many; yes, von doo many."

However, dey are a-interesding race, sure, I feld dot many, many years ago, ven I used to measure der daily growth of my moustaches do oppesite der infinible imbrofemend, und I hafend god ofer der feeling yed. Long ago, dere vas a leedle gal mid a blue ribbon on her head, und shibbers. (Of course she vore oder dings, bud dot is all I nodiced.) She used do been der shweedest, beadest gal in der voridt—do me; she vas, in fact, der sole occupbier of my lidtle-aged heard. I hafe dot same berson sidding beside me now, bud midoud der ribbon or der schibbers on account of der size of her olt hoofs, und midoud *guide* dot innocend look of der long ago; but, dank hefen, I hafe shdill keebed ub der same olt feelings abound her. Bud id seems do me ve don'd come agross sudge gals now. Der bresend edition is doo cheegy; doo advanced. Somedimes dere basses you on der shdreed a cabble of young gals—eggscuse me, young ladies—sh

BASE BALL.

THE PROFESSIONALS OF 1870.

REVIEW NO 2.

Continuing our review of the catchers of 1870, we find next on our list of noted players the name of David Birdsall, of the Unions, a model player in the position for invincible pinck. We never saw a catcher since the days of Joe Leggett who could take punishment with the courageous endurance of Birdsall. In Pabor he had a wild and erratic pitcher, when Charley put on his speed, and consequently Dave had to work like a Trojan to save a score of passed balls; but he stood the pressure as long as it was possible, and never gave out until he could not use his arms or hands. The only drawback to Birdsall's play was his temper. The fact is, David must be classed among the growlers, and hence this weakness detracted from h's strength as a catcher. We have no record of his play, Mr. Lush, the scorer of the Unions, not having sent us in the batting and fielding averages of the Union nine for 1870, as he should have done. We never saw a couple work together so well as Pabor and Birdsall. Indeed, without David behind Charley does not pitch with half the effect. They knew each other's style, of play and when they had good support they could give the strongest nine in the country a hard push for victory. Last fall Birdsall temporarily lost the use of his arm, besides having a very bad hand, but he is now in fine trim for play and will be a strong acquisition to a professional nine. There is to say for Dave that he always plays "on the square" and works like a beaver to win.

In our last we stated that we had not Allison's record, but the figures have since turned up, and are as follows: He played in 60 games, put out 253 players—an average of over 4—and assisted 41 times.

The Chicago Club had three catchers last season. The first was Craver, who played in all their games from April until the last of July. In addition, Hodes caught in 19 games and Steve King in 15. Craver's *forte* is catching in perfect fearlessness and quick movement, and he has a keen sight in playing up close behind the bat. As a catcher for slow or medium paced pitching he ranks among the best, but with swift pitching has his superiors. Like Ferguson, his home position is at short field. Craver was charged with discreditable conduct by the Chicago club and expelled without a fair trial, he says. This expulsion was made the basis of action taken by the professional delegates in the late so-called National (?) Convention, which is null and void in effect, because in direct violation of the constitution. It will not change his playing status and should not. It is right and proper that clubs should have the power of expelling members for dishonorable conduct, but not unless it be done after a fair trial and proof of the charge be conclusively shown. Unless this be done the new rule of the game prohibiting expelled players from taking part in contests this season will not be applicable. The second catcher of the Chicago nine of 1870 was Hodes, formerly of the Eckfords. Hodes is an easy and graceful catcher, can take sharp fly tips from the bat and throws fairly to the bases. But he lacks energy somewhat. Hodes, however, is an effective catcher when facing accurate pitching, but fails to be equal to the task of attending to as wild delivery as Birdsall can. It makes a wonderful difference with a catcher's reputation whether he faces an accurate line-ball pitcher, like Zettlein, or a wild, left-handed pitcher, like Pinkham or Pabor. We have seen several catchers play pret ily in front of accurate pitching, who were all abroad when facing a wild, erratic delivery. A first class catcher must excel in both styles of catching before he can take the highest rank; it is in this respect that White takes the lead. The third White Stocking catcher was Steve King, who played in the position just as he would in any other. Steve is not a catcher naturally, however, his *forte* being in the out-field, where he has few equals, or had when in the Haymakers' nine. He played in 15 games, put out 137 players and assisted 23 times, but whether all he put out were disposed of behind the bat or not we cannot say. Hodes played in 19 games, put out 88 players and assisted 93 times. He, too, played partly at short field, and hence neither record shows their play as catchers.

Among the catchers who built up a reputation for skill during 1870, may be named McGeary, of the Haymakers, whose fine play while facing McMullin's swift and rather uncertain pitching, placed him in the front rank as one of the noted catchers of the season. McGeary first plants himself firmly on his pins and then faces the hottest music as pluckily as the best. He throws swiftly, too, and is a good judge of foul balls. His record in 37 games shows a total of 154 put out—an average of over 4—and 38 assisted, and all in catching.

Hastings, of the Forest City nine, of Rockford, Ill., for 1870, but now of the Lone Stars, of New Orleans, is a very effective catcher, and showed fine play in his games in this city early in the season; but we are not familiar enough with his style of play for full comment. His fielding record has not yet been published.

Among the youngest catchers of 1870 may be named Hicks, of the Nationals, afterwards of the Stars, and now in the south. Hicks is the swiftest and hardest thrower that catches behind the bat, and this very power, which should be an advantage, is too frequently becomes a drawback, because, depending upon his speed, he too often takes things leisurely; and when he does throw, the ball is sent down with such speed that the base player cannot hold it; indeed, it is frequently a task to stop it. Hicks is a graceful catcher, and promises, with experience and good training, to excel. We have not his record while in the National Club, but in the Star nine, in 13 games, he put out 94 players—an average of over 7—and assisted 17 times.

The two catchers of the Eckford nine of 1870 included Jewett and Price, both excellent players. Jewett was the best catcher Martin—that most effective pitcher—ever had to face him, his average of catches while playing in front of Martin excelling that of every catcher of the season. He was plucky, too, in facing swift pitching and worked hard; but it was as a catcher for slow delivery that he excelled. Price, who played in the same club, is also an effective catcher, having a style of play peculiarly his own, being excessively quick in his movements and expert in picking up short balls. Neither player has any record for the season and we cannot therefore quote their figures. Price is to play in the Athletic nine, of Brooklyn; Jewett has left the base ball arena. Lennon, the catcher of the Maryland nine of 1870, ranks high. He is an old Star player and handles the ball in Star style. He plays close up to the bat, and marked his catching with some very handsomely taken fly tips sharp from the bat, besides picking up some low balls in the very best style. Lennon is a very reticent player, quiet and gentlemanly in his style and a good worker. He, too, has no published record for 1870. Atwell, of the Washington Olympics, rated well as a catcher during 1870, but we never saw him play and therefore cannot comment upon his skill. He is a graduate of the Philadelphia school, from which so many first-class players have been turned out ready for first-class nines.

Bunting—an old New Yorker player—did good service behind the bat as the professional catcher of the Riverside Club, of Portsmouth, Ohio, a club which played some good games during 1870.

McVey acted as change catcher in the Red Stocking nine in quite a number of games during 1870, and acquitted himself with great credit. He plays earnestly and catches well when facing even wild pitching, though he had not much of that to attend to as a general thing. His figures while catching have not been published, but his general fielding average is very good. McVey is a reliable, earnest worker, and therefore valuable in a nine in any position.

Pearce, of the Atlantics, is an effective catcher for a short man and has excelled. We saw him catch behind Creighton in handsome style. He is especially keen in watching points. Dick will play his old position at short field in the Atlantic nine this season. Here he is at home.

E. White, of the Forest City nine, of Cleveland, played in several games during 1870 as catcher, and played well too. He, in fact, is a very promising player in the position, and makes an excellent change ca cher now.

The following are the batting averages of first base hits of the catchers of 1870, as far as published:—

Players.	*Club.*	*Av.*	*Players.*	*Club.*	*Av.*
Pearce	...Atlantic	.400	Allison	...Cincinnati	.396
S. King	...Chicago	.500	E. White	.For. City, Cleve'd	.363
Hodes	...Chicago	.874	McGeary	.Haymakers	.323
McVey	...Cincinnati	.363	Hicks	...Star	.307
Malone	...Athletic	.366	C. Mills	..Mutual	.305
Ferguson	...Atlantic	.318	Craver	..Haymakers	.240
Hastings	.For. City, Rock'rd	.308	Ewell	...Olympic, Wash'ton	.183
J. White	.For. City, Cleve'd	.300			

The other catchers referred to have not had their averages made out yet.

ACADEMY vs. MT. HOLYOKE.

On Jan. 14th the members of the Mt. Holyoke Club, of South Hadley, Mass., played a match with the Academy nine with the appended result:—

Academy.	R.	Mt. Holyoke.	R.
Church, s s	1	Dunlap, c	2
H. Smith, c	1	Moody, 3d b	3
Fisher, r f	0	Eastman, 2d base	6
O. Smith, 3d b	1	Montague, p	3
Judd, l f	1	Mosher, s s	3
Burnett, 1st b	3	Dailey, l f	3
Gridley, p	3	Miller, 1st b	3
Preston, 2d b	1	Smith, r f	3
Dwight, c f	1		
Total	12	Total	24

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Mt. Holyoke	1	0	1	0	1	2	4	5	0	1—24
Academy	0	0	0	1	1	3	5	0	1	2—12

Fly catches—Mt. Holyoke, 9; Academy, 8. Umpire—F. Curley. Time of Game—2 hours and 10 minutes.

(Please send record of bases on hits in future.—Ed.)

The Mt. Holyokes expect to organize a strong team for '71, which shall be second to none in western Massachusetts.

LONE STAR vs. GREEN STOCKINGS.

These two well known New Orleans nines played a game on the Park grounds on the 15th inst. In consequence of the coldness of the weather the attendance was very slim, and owing to the late arrival of the knights of the green hose only six innings could be played before it became necessary for the umpire to call the game, of which the following is the score:—

Lone Star.	R.	1s.	7.	Green Stockings.	R.	1s.	7.
Condon, 1st b	4	4	6	Smith, p	2	2	2
"Wright," 3d b	5	5	5	Crosby, c	1	1	1
Oby, 2d b	7	6	7	Fettus, 1st b	2	2	2
Barnes, c	7	5	6	Doyle, c f	5	1	1
Tracy, s s	5	5	5	Wickley, s s	0	0	0
"Leonard," p	5	3	5	Selby, 3d b	0	0	0
Amar, c f	4	4	5	Guthrie, l f	3	1	1
Swarts, r f	5	5	5	Gainly, 2d b	1	1	1
Scott, l f	6	3	5	Hennesy, r f	1	1	1
Total	45	40	48	Total	14	9	9

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th
Lone Star	3	8	18	7	9	4—45
Green Stockings	0	4	7	0	3	0—14

Base play—Lone Star, 13; Green Stockings, 12. Flies caught—Lone Star, 5; Green Stockings, 6. Struck out—Green Stockings, 4. Umpire—J. Gilthorpe. Time of game—4 hours and 30 minutes.

PELICAN vs. MISSISSIPPI.

A match game, first of a series, was played on the 15th inst., at New Orleans, La., between the first nines of the Pelican and Mississippi Clubs, on the ground or the former, which resulted in an easy victory for the Pelicans, the Mississippis refusing to play after the fifth innings. The following is the score:—

Pelican.	O.	R.	Mississippi.	O.	R.
Short s s	0	3	Tebault, s s	1	1
Morton, l f	1	3	Montgomery, 2d b	3	1
Mahen, c	2	3	Ferry, 2d b	3	1
Miller, c f	2	3	Waterman, p	3	0
Burke, 1st b	2	3	Hardy, r f	3	0
Everett, 3d b	2	3	Shields, l f	3	0
Bell, p	1	3	Wheelahan, c f	3	0
Murtha, s s	1	3	Allen, 1st b	3	0
Dietrich, r f	1	3	Canty, c	1	1
Total	12	24	Total	23	5

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Pelican	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—24
Mississippi	2	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0—5

Umpire—F. Otto, of Pelican. Time of game—1 hour and 30 minutes.

ELECTION.—The Blue Stocking Club of Columbia, Pa., was re-organised on Thursday evening, Jan. 12th, at their rooms, No. 115 Locust street. The following gentlemen were duly elected officers for the year 1871:—President, Samuel Evans; Vice-President, James E. Mifflin; Secretary, W. H. Fry; Treasurer, Col. J. C. Bucher; Directors, J. A. Fry, E. D. Bruner and H. C. Lentz. The following are the first nine:—S. Moderwell, J. Gilbert, W. H. Fry, A. Grove, J. Clark, I. J. Saylor, J. Alding'er, S. Bruner and L. Richards.

PROFESSIONALS' MOVEMENTS.

We publish with pleasure the following letter from Mr. Leonard, the noted left fielder of the Red Stocking nine, now of the Olympic Club, of Washington, whose honorable example we commend to all professionals, and especially call the attention thereto of those who feel like yielding to tempting offers to break engagements, to keep their record clear:—

FRANK QUEER, Esq.—DEAR SIR.—The CLIPPER of this week states that the Mutuals are negotiating for my services for their nine of this year, and I see by the *Chicago Commercial*, of the 16th, that the *Chicago Tribune* reports me as having broken my engagement with the Olympics and accepted a better offer from the Mutuals. These statements do me great injustice, and I would thank you to contradict them. If I am proud of one thing more than another in my record as a ball player it is that I have never broken my word or any agreement, and those who know me know that no inducement could tempt me to break my agreement with the Olympics. Yours truly, ANDREW J. LEONARD.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 19th, 1871.

ALPHA ASSOCIATION.—The members of this Brooklyn club have fixed upon Monday, Feb. 6th, as the date of their second annual ball, which will be held at the Brooklyn Institute and promises to prove a most enjoyable reunion.

THE ROGERS B. B. CLUB, of Buffalo, N. Y., have fixed upon Thursday evening, Feb. 2d, for their third annual ball at National Hall, at which a good time generally is, of course, anticipated.

THE RING.

RING FIGHT IN ENGLAND.

Tommy Smith, of Manchester, and Jack, *alias* "Bull," Rowe, of Salford, Eng., contended for a purse, at catch weight, recently, in the Manchester district. Smith first saw the light on Sept. 27th, 1848, at Nottingham, stands 5ft. 5¼in. in height, and was brought up to the trade of a bolt maker. He made his *debut* in the P. R. with Tim Eliams, of Salford, at Throstle Nest, near Manchester, about seven years ago, for a small stake, when Tommy suffered a defeat at the end of 45 minutes. His next customer was Geo. Hogart, of Hulme, when Tommy achieved his maiden victory after a hard fight of 2h. 20min., at Throstle Nest, in July, 1868. He was next pitted against Bill Atherton, of Salford, with whom he fought a draw, after a game contest, occupying 30min., at Manchester, in January, 1869. His old opponent Geo. Hogart, not being satisfied with his first meeting, a second match was then arranged, which came off at Manchester at the end of January, 1869, which resulted in a draw, as neither was able to finish, the time occupied being three-quarters of an hour. Jack (better known as Bull) Rowe hails from Salford, is about 5ft. 8in. in altitude, has seen 27 summers, his only previous performance that we are aware of being a clever defeat of Bill Cleary, of Salford, after a hard fight of twenty minutes. The engagement was quite of an *impromptu* character, and a suitable *locale* having been selected, no time was lost in adjusting the necessary preliminaries and preparing for action. Rowe had the services of Charley Skeyte, of Walsall, and Bill Lawler, of Salford, as valets, whilst Arthur Chambers, of Salford, and a pal, esquired Smith. Tom Kenny (the Shoebiack) having accepted the post of referee, the combatants put up their mawleys for the fight. The contrast between the men was very apparent, Smith being a trifle under 9 stone, whilst Rowe was about 1¼ stone heavier, although both were over their proper weight, owing to a want of condition. The advantage of weight being thus strongly in favor of Rowe, 5 and 6 to 4 was freely laid on him. Both men seemed desirous of at once getting to business "proper," and dispensing with the usual sparring, made play with both mawleys right merrily, Rowe clutching his man round the neck with the left hand, and making good use of his right duke, a bout of sharp in-fighting resulting and both being down. On coming up for the next round Smith displayed an ugly cut under the left lamp, from which the ruby flowed freely, this deciding first blood in favor of Rowe; but Tom soon balanced the account by planting his left in heavily on the nasal organ and again on the cheek, for which he received his change in the ribs and a smart rally ensued, the pair coming down together. Both now warmed to their work and worked away with a will, neither standing for repairs, but the weight told at close quarters in favor of Rowe, who made play with his right on the body, whilst Smith pinked his man cleverly on the knowledge-box with such effect that, at the end of 20 minutes, during which time nine stashing rounds had been got through, the sponge was thrown up for Rowe, and Smith was, consequently, declared the victor. The hitting on both sides was hard and effective, neither man shirking punishment, and at the finish both were badly punished, especially Rowe, who was as blind as a bat. Both men are thorough game-uns, but the difference in weight in favor of Rowe was more than balanced by the science and fistic knowledge displayed by the winner.

DEATH OF JACK DREW.—This light-weight member of the British P. R., died on Jan. 6th, from phthisis, at London, Eng. He was born in London, on Oct. 26th, 1835. His height was 5 ft., 5½ in., and his lowest weight 112 lbs. His first appearance in the ring was in the early part of 1862, when he fought a drawn battle, for a £10 purse, with Tommy Hogan, at Aldershot. He was then matched with Nobby Porter, for £10 a side, at 114 lbs., and beat him in 13 rounds, 26 min., on Oct. 21, 1862. His friends thought so highly of the scientific qualities which he displayed on that occasion, and were so satisfied his heart was in the right place, that they backed him against Sam Mose (better known as Young Dutch Sam), for £100, at 112 lbs. The fight took place down the river on March 17th, 1863, and after they had fought 21 rounds, in 47 min., the police stopped hostilities. The referee ordered them to meet on the following Thursday, and although both men were at the ringside, the backers of Sam refused to let him enter, and the referee awarded the stakes to Drew. Master Johnny tried very hard to find another customer, but as no one seemed to fancy him, he turned his attention to teaching and illustrating the noble art until February, 1869, when he beat Jem M'Cormack, for a £10 purse, after fighting 13 rounds, in 53 min. 25 sec. A few months ago he was taken ill, and although he received the best medical attention, he succumbed, as above stated, to the incurable malady.

BARTHOLOMEW DONOHUE died in this city on Sunday, 15th inst., aged 34 years, and was buried on the 17th, his remains being followed to their place of final repose by the members of Engine companies Nos. 12 and 28, of the Volunteer department, as well as by a large number of others who had known and esteemed him in life. At one time he was foreman of No. 12, and proved a very efficient officer, while he was possessed of many qualities calculated to endear him to those with whom he became acquainted.

NATHAN T. DORRANCE, of Detroit, sends us a challenge accompanied by a deposit, to Jas. H. McLaughlin, champion wrestler, proposing a match, square holds, right hand to collar, first fall, or best two in three, for $500 a side and the champion belt; two shoulders and one hip, or two hips and one shoulder, to touch the floor to constitute a fall. He says he will wrestle either in Detroit, Chicago or Buffalo, give or take expenses. What saith the champion?

GEORGE SIMS was buried at Abney Park Cemetery, Eng., on Jan. 3d. In a notice of deceased *Bell's Life* says:—"Poor George was often chaffed about being so soon disposed of by Tom Sayers, but it was not generally known that Sims had to rose upwards of 56lbs. in training, and was very weak on the day of fighting, and to the severe work done to get to weight is attributed the foundation of the illness that ultimately carried him off."

JERRY DONOVAN, of Philadelphia, writes to us from Scranton, saying that if, as he has heard, David Lewis is open to fight any man in Pennsylvania at 136lbs., he (Donovan) will try and accommodate him, though he isn't within several pounds of that weight. If Lewis is really looking for a fight he can find Donovan at Patsy McDonald's Commercial Restaurant.

THE TRIGGER.

TRAP SHOOTING AMONG THE WOLVERINES.—A correspondent writes us as follows concerning a pigeon shoot which took place at East Saginaw, Mich., on Jan. 16th:—"A little trigger sport came off at the Driving Park grounds on the 16th inst., and the gathering of shootists and others drawn together thereby enjoyed a good afternoon's amusement. The birds were all fresh and strong, making a lively fly. The match was made up six on a side, four single birds each, shooting from a plunge trap, 21 yards rise and 80 yards fall; Tom. P. Sheldon and Chas. S. Brown, captains, chose sides, the losers to pay for the supper. The following is the score:—

Thos. P. sheldon	1010	Chas. S. Brown	0100
J. Ed. Mershon	1111	Josh. Tuthill	1101
Wm. Bishop	0111	S. Dennison	0001
Jos E. Sparron	0111	Nick Althouse	1000
S. J. Midler	0100	Jack Midler	0.00
Jas. Schuyler	1001	Arthur Brown	1001
Total	15	Total	8

J. A. Burdick and L. Lee, umpires. Dr. Curtis, Saginaw City, referee.

Sheldon won the toss and killed his first bird handsomely; C. S. Brown was unfortunate, losing his first bird by a snap; Mershon made good shooting, killing every bird clean and handsome; Bishop, Sparron and Tuthill made a good score, killing some awkward birds, and showing conclusively that they were at home with the trigger. Jack Midler's string created considerable "fun for the boys," his third bird flying from the trap straight for his gun and passing within two feet of the muzzle, over his head, Jack all the time pulling frantically on the hammer. After the bird passed he caught the trigger and blazed away, some ten feet behind, remarking at the same time that he wasn't so bloodthirsty as the rest—he wanted to give 'em a chance, winding up with "Well, I skeart 'em like the d——l, anyhow." The shooting was made with muzzle-loading guns, with the exception of one, Parker's breech loader.

LORD HENRY BENTWICK, the acknowledged head of the English hunting world, died on Dec. 31st, at Fatherwell Hall, near Louth, Lincolnshire, where he was entertaining a shooting party. Lord Henry exercised the same influence in the hunting world as his brother, Lord George, was wont to do in his time on the turf, and may be said to have had no superior as a master of hounds when he reigned over the Burton country, which he did for a space of upwards of twenty years.

A MATCH for £100 a side, 50 single birds each, was shot at the grounds of the Junior Gun Club, Hendon, Eng., between R. Lipscomb, of Yalding, Kent, and Mr. Austin, a well known baronet, distance 35 yards. The weather was unfavorable, the birds swift and the shooting very poor, Lipscomb killing 17 only out of 49 to his opponent's 15 out of a like number.

THE LIFTING RECORD.

A gentleman residing in this city sends us the following communication upon the subject of great weights said to have been lifted by certain strong men, and his remarks are deserving of attention, for none of the lifts mentioned are properly authenticated. If proof can be adduced, Messrs. Curtis, Winship and Butts should produce it, and thus support the claims which they have respectively made. The best possible way in which to prove their relative ability is to bring about a public trial of strength, which would at once settle all disputes and give us a clean and reliable record. Who will take the first step in the matter? Read the following:—

FRANK QUEER.—DEAR SIR.—In your issue of Jan. 14th appears an answer to a correspondent, stating that the greatest recorded lift is 3,600 lbs., in harness, made by W. B. Curtis. Will you allow me to correct the record. The first lifter who appeared in this country was Dr Geo. B. Windsor, of Sconn, who claims to have lifted 2,543 lbs., but no man ever saw him do it or weighed his load. Next came Ambrose A. Butts, of Auburn, O., who claims to have lifted 2,737½ lbs., but he lifted them seated on a circular bench, and, asking each man his weight, put them down and added up; this won't do for record. Lastly came Wm. B. Curtis, who claims 3,010 as his lift. He lifted from weights, but you cannot find a man who ever weighed his iron, or who, having seen him lift a so-called 3,000 lbs., could swear it was 2,750 or even 2,500 lbs. Neither of these three men ever lifted in a match, or made any public show of their ability where judges could be appointed and their weights weighed and added up by some one besides themselves. They has been much challenging, but no match. Until some of these lifters come out where the public can see them, and show their strength on weights which are known, I object to any such private and doubtful reports going on record. Yours truly, JUSTICE.

SKATING.

SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP RULES.

Below we give the rules of the American Skating Congress, adopted at the Convention in Rochester, N. Y., governing the contests for the skating championship of America:—

1. The Champion Medal shall be held for two years, subject to the challenge of all comers; the holder, however, shall not be compelled to accept any challenge for a less sum than one hundred dollars a side, which is to accompany any challenge to make it binding. All challenges to be through Herveys and Johnson, who are to be stakeholders.

2. The holder of the Champion Medal shall be compelled to skate any match within two weeks from the time he is challenged (if there is good ice, of which the stakeholders, or such persons as they may appoint, are to be judges), or forfeit the medal; the time to date from the time the stakeholders notify the champion (which they shall lose no time in doing) that he is challenged, the champion to have the naming of the day for the match, giving the challenger three days' notice, if he requires it.

3. Any and every match is to be skated in the rink built by Herveys & Johnson nearest to where the champion resides, unless a different arrangement is mutually agreed upon by the parties; but in any case it must be skated in one of the rinks built by Herveys and Johnson.

4. The person who shall first challenge the winner of a match about to come off is entitled to priority, but the party who has once contended unsuccessfully with the champion during his championship, is prohibited from re-challenging until ten days have elapsed after his defeat, so as to give other skaters a chance to contest.

5. All matches for the championship shall be done *fair*, and any party guilty of disreputable conduct in regard to the matches for the championship, shall be deemed in disgrace, and will not be recognized as a member of our meetings or in our social gatherings.

6. In all contests for the championship there shall be three judges, one selected by each of the contestants, and the two so selected shall appoint a third, the decision of any two to be final.

7. In case of any dispute arising previous to the appointment of judges for a match, either the champion or challenger may refer the matter to the President of the American Skating Congress, whose decision shall be final.

8. Any person winning the championship is bound by the above and any future laws that may be adopted by the American Skating Congress, and Herveys and Johnson may require him (if they shall deem it necessary) to give security for the safe keeping of the medal while in his possession, and the immediate return of it to them by him if defeated, or if he shall fail to comply with the laws of the Congress; but, should he hold it successfully for two years, it shall then become his absolute property, and he may retire as ex-champion.

In reference to giving points in the programme the rules further state that:—

No points shall be given for a movement under the head of specialties, if the skater who executed it has executed the same movement during the programme.

The judges shall, at the completion of each movement in a contest, mark on a slip of paper the number of points for each contestant, and deposit the slip in a closed box; these slips shall not be referred to till the close of the contest, when the judges shall foot up all the slips, and the number of points gained by each contestant shall constitute their award, which shall be final.

The order of taking the ice by the contestants shall be decided by lot, and the number of figures to be executed shall be divided as nearly as possible by the number of contestants; the one drawing number one to skate first in the first division of figures, the one drawing number two to skate first in the second division, and so on through, the one drawing the last number to skate first in the last division of figures, whether that division shall comprise more or less figures than the former division.

SNOW SHOE RACING.—In spite of the unfavorable weather on the afternoon of Jan. 14th, a large number of persons assembled at Montreal, C. E., to witness the steeple chases arranged by the Alexandria and Montreal clubs, over the course from the McGill College gate to Cote des Neiges, up to Ravenscrag and beyond it, to the crowning "Pines." The course is of a rasping kind, crowded with gulleys and heavy hills, while beyond, the country, even if swelling and hilling more gently, does not want of stiff fences and traversing dykes to make it a hard one for even the sturdiest snow-shoer to cross with any speed; and when the time is cut down to twenty-one and twenty-two minutes there must be kept up an unflagging run from start to finish—an effort that few are able to achieve. The Alexandra started at 3 P. M., and their race resulted in a victory for Roy, with Boyle second and Gilroy third, thus:—1. Roy, 21m. 45s., gold medal; 2. Boyle, 22m., silver medal; 3. Gilroy, 23m. 5s. finds. By other watches, the time marked for the three men was 22m. 43s., 22m. 57s., 23m. 5?s. It was not unexpected that Boyle would take the second place. His *forte* is the flat course, and, if we do not much mistake, he will be the first man who has ever been able to give Kerarohwe hard battle for the two-mile races. The Montreal followed with their club contest at 4 P. M. 1. McDonald, who is likely to enter for the regular club cup, carried off the splendid gold medal, Skelton winning the second prize, and McIndoe the third:—1. S. McDonald, 23m. 7s.; 2. Skelton, 23m. 27s.; 3. McIndoe, 23m. 50s. Brand "threw" one of his snow-shoes, and was so thrown out of the race.

SKATING IN LONDON, ENG., has been more than usually lively this season, one of the old-fashioned winters having prevailed there. Although we have not yet heard of an ox having been roasted on the Thames, yet it was so full of ice that steamers above the bridge ceased to run. The number of skaters and sliders on the Serpentine on Dec. 30th was about 15,000. Six persons who had their heads cut were attended to at the receiving house. On the Long Water the skaters and sliders numbered about 12,000. At the Round Pond there were about 8,000 skaters and sliders. In St. James' Park the ice was very dangerous in many parts; the skaters and sliders numbered about 11,000; twenty persons had wounds dressed in the marquee; there were four slight immersions. In the Regent's Park there were about 16,000 skaters and sliders. Ten persons had their heads cut during the day. At nine o'clock at night some thousands of persons were on the Serpentine, skating and sliding by torchlight.

CURLING.

NORTH VS. SOUTH, AT BUFFALO.—The medal presented by Mr. A Dalrymple to the western curlers of New York state was contested for at the Buffalo Skating Rink on Jan. 11th. The ice was in good condition and a large attendance of spectators were present. Mr. James R. Thomson represented the North of Scotland for his party and Mr. David Bell the South. The game commenced early in the forenoon and continued until 5 o'clock P. M. At the close the score stood thus:—

North.		South.	
J. E. Thomson, skip	18	D. Bell, skip	20
John Walls, skip	19	J. Campbell, skip	26
J. Holloway, skip	7	Geo. MacNee, skip	15
Wm. Moses, skip	35	C. Berrick, skip	15
Total	80	Total	81

THE GAME IN NEW YORK.—The following are the scores of games played in the metropolis and vicinity since the grand match between the North and South. On the 12th the Thistle Club, of Jersey City, met the Empire City Club at Lafayette, N. J., the result of the contest being as follows:—

Empire City.		Jersey City.	
A. Moore, skip	15	W. Lyon, skip	40
Wm. Symmes, skip	12	James Love, skip	46
S. McIntyre, skip	13	Jas. Stevens, skip	31
Total	30	Total	136

The ice, on account of a sudden change in the weather, was in a very unfit state for good curling. Both clubs, however, went bravely to work, but the Jerseymen proved themselves too heavy metal for the young club, although the latter played an uphill game most pluckily. Mr. David Foulis, of the New York Caledonia Club, acted as umpire.

On the 12th inst. St Andrews played Yonkers at Central Park with the appended result:—

St. Andrew's Club.		Yonkers Club.	
J. Dunlop, skip	10	W. B. Edgar, skip	35
A. Dalrymple	12	Geo. Frazer	15
Total	22	Total	50

Umpire—Mr. Scott.

The ice was in very bad condition. The players, however, entered into the contest with a great deal of enthusiasm, and, although curling in water several inches deep at both ends of the rinks is not to be relished to a great extent, there was a great deal of sport enjoyed, both by the players and the spectators.

The same day the Paterson club visited the New Yorkers at Central Park and received a drubbing before they went home, as the score below shows. On account of poor ice the length of the rinks was made thirty-two yards, but a few yards less would have been desirable for many of the players. Physical strength was essentially necessary in playing. At the close Mr. Wm. Halley, the umpire, announced the score as follows:—

New York.		Paterson.	
J. C. McQuhae, skip	30	A. P. Phillips, skip	23
J. Gibson, skip	16	J. Peacock, skip	31
James Longwell, skip	41	H. Butler, skip	21
J. Adie, skip	32	J. R. Smith, skip	24
Total	119	Total	99

CURLING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—On Jan. 12th the annual Bon Spell between the married and unmarried members of the St. Andrews Curling Club, took place on their pond, St. John. The playing commenced at 2.50 and ended at 5 P. M.—eight players on each side. The game was commenced with great spirit on both sides, and vigorously contested throughout. At the termination the married members were declared victors by 3 shots. The unmarried laboured under a disadvantage, as a number of the players have lately joined the club, and this has been the first season of their playing. Many members who formerly played on their side have left it to join in the game of life for better or for worse. The ice was in fine condition, and the day being fine, quite a number of spectators were present, who appeared to take a great interest in the game. The score:—

Married.		Unmarried.	
J. White, skip	22	W. C. Whittaker	12
S. F. Mathews, skip	15	D. Thomson	22

THE SPORT IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—The Curlers of St. Johns, N. B., had a gay time on the 10th inst. Twenty-four members of the St. Andrew's Curling Club played off at points, for the silver medal awarded to the society by the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. The first player was Captain F. He showed his power of striking the winner. Then came George Stewart, a keen curler. He showed his skill at "chap an' lie." Next was Willie Watson, who made 6 points. Then came Davie Thomson, who played right to the tee, scoring 9 shots. Jas. Milligan finally carried off the prize with a score of 11 points. The contest for the rink medal commenced after the "point" games. The skips were George Robertson and S. F. Matthews. The latter won by a large score.

CURLING AT QUEBEC.—The gold medal of the Quebec Club was played for recently, and won by Mr. Wm. Brodie, with a score of 10 points. One of the members presented a large "Twelfth Cake" as a prize to the players scoring second best. This was won by Mr. Robert Brodie, he having made 9 points.

ADVICE TO TICKET PURCHASERS.—It is very annoying for one to stand near a place to purchase a ticket for some railroad station, or some entertainment, and have a person stand directly in front of you who neither knows where he wants to go, or, if to a show, what part of the house he desires to sit in. A few general suggestions will not come amiss in regard to the matter. If at a railroad ticket office, get your money ready promptly—if in scrip, lay it out so that it can be easily counted; await your turn, and then hand it to the ticket seller, stating where you want to go and how many tickets you want. He will thus be enabled to pass you your tickets at the same time he takes your money, and saving time; but if you want to ask him for a ticket, which he gets, and then you are obliged to feel in your pockets to get the money, it causes delay to many others who are waiting to purchase also. Put your ticket in some convenient place, so that when you are called upon to present it to the conductor, you can get it at once, and not make that officer wait for you to fumble over all your pockets before being able to find it. If you find it necessary to pay your fare on the cars, give the officer who collects the same as near the right sum as possible, as they at the best have not any too much time between stations to make change. In visiting an entertainment, arrange your money so that it can be counted readily; pass up your money and state how many seats you want and where you wish to sit, and by the time you have finished your instructions the tickets are before you. How many have grown impatient to see persons occupy the attention of a ticket seller until they could get their money out of a fob pocket, all wadded up in a heap, thus making many wait. After purchasing your tickets, and coupons are attached for reserved seats, you can readily separate them before reaching the door where the tickets are taken up, when the tickets can be handed quickly over to the door-keeper, thus avoiding a short stoppage at the door for the door-keeper to tear off its coupons. All these stoppages take time and are many times a great annoyance and can be readily remedied by observing the suggestions here given.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

GEO. T. C.—"King Theodore" goeth for your 25-gun battery, and by a plunge into a flank fire relieveth our English cousin of a long tier of your 68 cubbads, thusly:—"I am sorry to be compelled to say that 'G. E. C.' return fire is a flash in the pan, or a bad bust of the gun, cause Low get No. 745 under 14 moves—though I believe 12 will finish it. ...cre are, however, three ways of coming out in 14. Here is one:—

1...K to R 5	K × P	8...Q to B 8	K moves
2...Q Kt 4 +	K moves	9...K R 5	K moves
3...K Kt 6	K moves	10...K to R 6 +	K moves
4...Q K 7, or Q 8 +	K moves	11...Q Kt 7	K moves
5...B K 7, or R 8 +	K moves	12...Q Kt 6 +	K moves
6...Q Kt 4 +	K moves	13...Q R 6 +	K moves
7...R K 3 +	B × K	14...R R 8 ‡, mates.	

The last five moves can be varied all sorts of ways. Now let Porter come on with a 12-move mate."

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—All inquiries about chess works have been answered by mail.

AMERICAN ANALYST.—Are you really going to compel us to give Mr. Smith's solution of his 17 and 18-movers?

Corrections of Alexandre.—No. 48.

BY E. M. C.

PROBLEM No. 12.—H. SILBERSCHMIDT, 1854.

An imitation of a fine old problem given in the Arabic MS. No. 7,353 of the British Museum. See note on No. 16 of the three move mates.

PROBLEM No. 24.—PHILIP STAMINA, 1737.

Compare No. 26 of Healey's collection.

PROBLEM No. 28.—P. V. FON MAUVILLON, 1822.

This problem may be corrected, as stated, by omitting Rook and Pawn; but the following version, in which two variations have been added, is in every respect superior:—

WHITE.—King at his R 8; Queen at her R 3; Rooks at Q K

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of ill t name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Lucy
Berger, Fanny (5)
Brooks, Kate
Burt, Fanny
Clifton, Viola
Clifford, Nellie
Coney, Sallie
Dark, Lizzie
Donnar, Millie
De Lamond, Cora
Decy, Ann
Douglass, Mary
De Forrest, Joey
Florence, Minnie]
Fay, Belle
Freeman, Susie
Findlater, Mrs. J. (2)
Florance, Minnie A.
Harrold, Maggie
Hindle, Annie
Heathcote, Kate
Howard, Victoria
Keene, Laura
Lawrence, Mrs. Jas.
Lake, Agnes (2)
Lawrence, Ada
Lotta.
Lamercaux, Augusta
Marsh, Emma
May, Georgie
McWilliams, Mary
Nichols, Maggie
O'Neil, Kathleen
Payne-Galton, Mary
Robinson, Julia (2)
Reaveer, Miss S.
Stewart, Miss L. E.
Stevens, Mary L.
Sanford, Nellie
Sherlock, Mary
Stone, Amy
Sheelin, Rose Ann
Stedman, Lizzie
Sheppard, Mrs. G. W.
Swift, Sallie
Stewart, Ada (2)
Turner, Mrs. J. B.
Waterbury, Mrs. Capt.
Wray, Ada (2)
Warren, Maggie
Yates, Katie Zoe
Zavistowski, Christ'e

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Arlington, Wm.
Bishop, Jno. S. (2)
Bingham, Thos.
Ball & Washburn,
Brown, J. H.
Brooke, C. Amory (2)
Blake, O. W.
Burgess, Cool
Barney, Master
Bradshaw, Geo.
Byers, Jas. C.
Brent, Ed. (2)
Brown & Sanford
Backenstoe, Ed.
Brown, Ben (2)
Bartine, Chas. (2)
Brown, Thos. W.
Boswald, Chas.
Byron, C. Doud (2)
Barlond, Geo. A.
Barlow Bros.
Brown & Co.
Cole, Wm. H.
Crown, J. W.
Cobb, Willis (2)
Collins, Sam
Coleman, J. A.
Connor, Dan
Collins, Lew
Clark, Geo. M.
Crane, W. H. (2)
Cowell, Fred.
Carland, Andy
Curtis, Callie
Campbell & Hunley,
Corcoran, John
Carter, Barry
Carroll, John
Caron, J.
Denier, John (2)
Dickenson, Charley
Doeblin, Eugene (2)
Drew, J. N.
Dumont, Frank Sc.
De Haven, Claude (2)
Dougherty, Hughey
Duffield, Harry
De Mott, Jas.
Dalton, E. R. (2)
Dowland,
Dupree, Chas. H.
Day, Chas. H.
Duchaze, L.
Devoe, Thos.
Edwards, Geo.
Eddy, Clinton
Edwards, Frank
Fogo, A. C.
Frost, Hyatt (2)
Foote, Wm.
Fox, Jos.
Fox, Billy
Franks, Sidney
Fitzpatrick, Dan'l
Florence, Wm.
Grady, G. G.
Gregory, A. W.
Hannan, Orrin
Henri, Wm.
Hicks, L. E.
Hart, John
Haywood & Chiriski,
Haywood, Chas.
Hopper, Jerry
Hall, E. M.
Hansen, Dr. Louis
Jackson, Theo.
Jones, Arnold
Jeppo,
Jordan, J.
Jennings, J. O.
Kynock & Smith (2)
Kerven, Edw'd
King, Jas. J.
Knight, G. S.
Kidder, E. E.
Kendall, E. P.
Kenicott, Flint
Leader,
Levake, Wm. (2)
Leonard, Jos.
Long, Wm. W.
La Perle, Jos.
Macarte, Fred.
Marshall, W. J. (2)
Milburn, J. H.
McNarry, Hugh
Mantez, Julius
Morris, Geo. (2)
Murphy, J. S.
Little Mac,
Mahon, Dr.
Murray, Harry
Murray, Geo. W.
Murray, Jno. H.
Marshall, Harry
Mafin, Alf. W.
Murray, Johnny
Mayne, W. W.
Mills, W. J.
Meeker, W. H.
Miller Bros.,
Martin, Luke
Nickle, Robt.
Noonan, Wm.
Oberdorf, P. J.
Older, P. A.
Oates, Jas. A.
O'Reardon, Prof.
Peak, Eddie S.
Pike, Lew R. (2)
Parmelee, H. (2)
Pullman, Giles
Pastre, Chas.
Reynolds, Jas.
Roberts, N. D.
Royd, Den. (3)
Rooney, J.
Rutledge, Paul
Russell, Sol. S.
Roys, L. P.
Rubini, Sig.
Roberts, Jas. H.
Ricardo,
Roston, Frank
Silvester, A.
Sherman, John
Smith, E. M.
Steers, L. M. W.
Stanley, W.
Stanwood, Harry
Slocum, L.
Slocum, Chas. T.
Sarnbrook, Jacob
Saville, J. C.
Satsuma's Japs (2)
Shook, Jas. A.
Stowe, John
Thatcher, Geo.
Treasurer,
Taylore, Chit. W. (2)
Tichener, Thos.
Taylor, Jas. (2) 12c.
Thomas, Thos. J.
Thatcher, C. R.
Taylor, W. H. (2)
Turner, Billy
Whitcomb, A. J.
Wallace, Harry (2)
Washburn, Leon (2)
White, Chas. R.
Wheeler, S. O.
Warhurst, Thos.
Weaver, Add
Walton, Jno.
Williams, Gus (3)
Williams, Jno. L. N.
Whitmore & Clark,
Whitcomb, A. J.
Wood, Frank
Wallace, Wm.
Weightman, Chas.
Welch, Billy
Wells, Harry C.
Whitcher, Frank J.
Williams, Sidney
Zantretis, Alex.
Zimmerman, Fred.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Jan. 23d, '71.

THE EVENT of the past week in theatrical circles was the series of benefits for the family of the late George Holland, a report of which will be found in its appropriate place in this issue of the CLIPPER. The day, Thursday, Jan. 19th, opened crisp, bright and exhilarating, and by the way people turned out to honor a worthy cause and to rebuke the unchristian-like, uncharitable act of Rev. Mr. Sabine, one might have supposed that "the Dutch had taken Holland" again. "The little church around the corner" came in for a good word at every house, and our dear brother Houghton, the worthy pastor of the "little church"—which is *not* a little church in any sense—received favorable mention from all classes, from ladies and gentlemen of high degree, as well as from those in the more humble walks of life.....Moe and Goodrich, the skatists, who do such great *feats on foot*, are *on hand* again at Niblo's.....Mrs. *Macready*, who reads like a book, has returned to this country, and her friends will at once *make ready* to give the lady a fitting reception.....Ladies who wear the new-fangled three story hats should double reef them when attending places of amusement, out of regard for the rights and sights of those who may be in the rear..... Gentlemen who place their *silk* hats on seats next to them, at our theatres, must not grumble if their head coverings end in being *sat in*.....While most papers are complaining of "hard times and nothing to do," the CLIPPER makes her regular trips, well ladened with good things, and carrying her full complement of passengers. "Call all hands to splice the main brace." "Aye, aye, sir!" "A song from the bo'sin." "Aye, aye, sir."

"Here's the news of the day, here's the news of the day,
A ship lost and thousands to mourn her;
A full account of the last new play—
And the little church round the corner."

There's nothing like life and jollity, and those who sail with our little craft never tire of the dry wits. Well do we remember, when the years were longer than they are now, how we—"Avast there, no long yarns. Next."

"Here's the news of the day, 'bout the man who was hung,
And who said that he hadn't oughter;
Though the monster cut, before he was swung,
The throats of his wife and daughter."

We cure the headache as well as the heartache with our mild but health promoting prescriptions; re-unite long parted friends; carry joy and comfort to the hearts of "the old folkes at home," and—"Next."

"Here's the news of the day, of our wonderful pills,
That are taken, yea, all the world o'er,
They're sweet to the taste, and they stay all ills—
For the CLIPPER's a most perfect cure."

Yes, yes, we give the palatin that nourishes, rejuvenates and builds up afresh the falling man; we turn the lame into fast walkers, the blind into sight seers, and to the dumb we give tongue. When Julius Cæsar raised his standard on the—"Next."

Here's news of the "palpitator" so fair
For ladies who heed titivation;
'Tis a bosom friend, they all declare,
When in the right "stivation."

Talk about your Martin Luthers and your John Wesleys. They cannot compare with our own Rev. Sabine, who, his refusal to read the funeral service over the undead body of an actor, has created a revolution in public sentiment which shall know no ending until—"Next."—

Here's the news of the day; all about the big "ben,"
For Holland, which came off last Thursday;
If that is charity begins at home, then
May the mourners never know a worse day.

We'l sung; may they never know a worse day, indeed; let the profession be true to itself, and who shall prevail against it? United, it stands; divided, who can tell the consequences. Let each member of the profession stand up for the other, and so stand, as it well should, the allotted pasts on the stage of life as well as upon the mimic boards. Some time ago, being then—"next."—

Here's the news of the day; here's the news of the day—
You can always procure it by buying
From the newsboy who mak's all things go gay,
And who *laughs* all the time that he's *crying*.

That'll do—take a reef in your jaw tackle, and bring her head around while we give ear to a second epistle from our youthful associate, "Jim," who is at present undergoing the privations and perils of a showman's life:—

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Jan. 12d, '71.

DEAR BOSS.—In the langwidg of W. Shakspere, "thus fur inter the bowels of this Jursy land hav we marcht on without empeddyment." When the "Wareagnid" fust started on her eskursahn, ort we peep, ort was peace; but boom the gods let yung, as the frase goe. We was wel purwided with sho bils and dekkits, likewise a enerjetick trasurer to take the munney, but I hav the mortyfikashin to as that he was a litel 2 ennerjetick in takin munney. Hay ya boss. Oa ahin aye you No 1. Wen the sho opened, the cuktens was highdaddy; and, as our fary botx neered the wirgin soil of Jursy, orl ise pered thru the dim wister of a dooey morn, and aide fur a frendly shelter to appese thare wennamous appytites, such is the hunjerus ones of shu pipul. We had ony ten minits for refreshments, but the boys was hyperkoon, and et like they was famisht, and afore them ten minnits had parsed awa, like a diseased corps, the tabil was dun grunin', and the wurthy landlord look like he was sorry he had sich a bizness. Sed I to myself, sez I, the cukkin are probbly for the man which held the puss, he sez, in a tone of sarkastickness, pintin to our troupe:

"Hav this bin sick long?" "Hi? I askt, in skwil coldness of words, fur I never go back on me own, be they ever so humbil.

"I see tha hain't got no appytites, and I thort tha was onhelthy," sed the lunatick old hopperpotomus.

"Thare got more appytites then youve got witsels, I want yu to no," sez I, "an if yu don't never hav any sicker pepil about yu than them there is"—pintin to the innocent subjix of our remark—"yude better rase more taters than turnestones, for we've bin on the rode six weeks, and orl is well, orl is well."

"I like to se pepil civ," sez the wurthy landlord, "and as yure troop seemed a little backwardsiss at the tabil, I thort may be tha had the pips, wich is gon about now."

By tu dais after we had gayin the boys, so I giv em the wink, and the hole corps cum forrid to wi hare we wuz—"Boys," sez I, "the landlord sez yu haint eix nuthin, and he's afeered yu haint weary connivin at witsels," an as I sed so I sene stacks of provender in the kitchin, and told the boys in sho the gentilman won the good du. I hav bin in war, and I hav jumpt for bounty, but I never sene such a onslort as then sho pepil made onto that wilde's perwisions. I tempted to stop the havick tha wus makin, but I mide as if wel let tu stop the kattacks of Magra from my overbord, or for a hen in esther her chickens, but tha wood not. Pies, poletry, ise kremes, wite grabs, roast befe, termatisses, peturnips, sharlot roobes—orl prepaired for another corps of hard shel bapists—fel before the attax of the hain made in the direkshin of the bokatry. The picter of desserlashin that kitchin pursented ma I never more behold—Paris cant hold a candil to it for her most panickest dase—the boys swep the bord like it wus a swet kloth, and tha had a hy good. I turned in the man a extra dollar for the place, and I ses, ses I, in wiharis rebukeness, "how's that for six fokes?" Yer ort to se em wen thare kebby," with wich peseveration me and the boys strode 4th to board the wurthy landlord, who heesell sins that thare sarkastic lanlord is a frenzied humain of a crazee horsepital, an his family has gon to the poor hous. *Nous verrons.*

Our first sho stand was at Hobokin, and hear wel richi our tent, like Richard the *III* wen he fant into the battil of bosworth field. The town had bin billd with yaller and blu posters, and the kurb stones wus ornymented with gutter snipes til the look like a acadiemmy of fedenes, or a piktural albiun. The hole attraction (her on hesself sins that thare sarkastic lanlord is a frenzied humain of a crazee horsepital, an his family has gon to the poor hous. *Nous verrons.*

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stasm as upon the opening night, and the third week bids fair to be as successful as the first and second. The characters in the piece are well and truthfully portrayed by the stock. Miss Pennoyer plays Katrina quite acceptably, and the two "bummers" Hoker and Smasher, are well represented by Ed. Mackway and Frank Stanselle. .....At the Olympic, the Satsuma Royal Japanese Troupe of jugglers, acrobats, etc., entered upon their second week on Monday, the 16th inst., and are drawing only moderately. The performances of this troupe are wonderful; the great mammoth tub performance of Satsuma and son is skilfully done and evokes murmurs of surprise from the audience. Prof. J. L. Davis gives an entertaining performance with his trained dogs. On Monday, the 23d, the Gaite comique group of specialties re-open.

ROUTH GOSHEN, the Arabian Giant, comedian, who if necessary can be assisted by General Grant, Jr., is prepared to accept engagements through his agents, Cuningham & Dow.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" was presented at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., January 16th, and our correspondent, writing on January 20th, says:—"It was played to a moderately full house. Frank Mayo personnated Snorkey, and gave a very clever impersonation of the character. In some scenes he was really fine, and his efforts were duly appreciated by the audience. The play was effectively produced, much of the scenery being new and all appropriate. The support of the company was excellent throughout. 'Under the Gaslight' was repeated on the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th to a fair attendance.....The opening of Coleman's Opera House has been postponed until the 30th inst., in consequence of the inability of Mr. Fechter and Miss Leclercq to play here before that time. The new theatre for the first time was lighted with gas on the evening of the 19th. It seems perfect in every detail for the purpose intended, and Pittsburgh has now a temple of amusement of which she may well feel proud. We published, some time since, a full description of the building. Ida Vernon has been secured for leading lady, and the company will be otherwise strengthened on the opening of the new theatre. M. W. Canning will have the management of the establishment, which is a sufficient guarantee that Coleman's New Opera House will be a success .....Manager Beamer has completed all the necessary arrangements for re-opening the Fifth Avenue Opera House on the 23d. The Christian Sisters, assisted by Mr. C. B. Bishop and a full company, will produce on that occasion 'Aladdin, the Wonderful Scamp.' J. H. Milburn, the English comique, and Cooper and Fields, clog dancers, are announced to appear on the opening night. George F. McDonald will be stage manager."

FROM BOSTON we have the following dramatic advices, from our regular correspondent, dated Jan. 21st:—"After all expenses were paid the committee handed to Mr. Fechter some $3,248 as the result of the complimentary benefit on the 14th ult., and this amount Mr. Fechter has very generously distributed in sums of $250 each to various charitable objects in this city. Whatever his motives were in doing this it was a most praiseworthy deed, and "charity covers a multitude of sins." Mr. Fechter has remained all the week quietly with Miss Leclercq at the St. James, and I doubt whether a dozen of his old admirers have even thought of him. The reception given to Mr. Wallack on Monday evening was every bit as warm as the farewell on Saturday. The many contemptuous allusions to Frenchmen which abound in the *role* of Mercutio were heartily applauded and laughed at. The audience was an immense one, and the first week of the house has been every bit as full as under the old *regime*. This, of course, is owing a great deal to the reduction in prices, the house having returned to its old scale as in former seasons, yet it is not entirely this, as a glance at the audience will easily show. 'Romeo and Juliet' was the opening attraction, and in all fairness, it must be pronounced a failure. Mr. Wallack was good as Mercutio, but not as good as he has appeared as Vandenhoff as Romeo was excellent in intention, but not in execution. Mrs. Scott-Siddons was a beautiful Juliet, but her rendering was very crude and unnatural. Griffiths (who received a very warm welcome) was most admirable as Friar Lawrence, and Mrs. Jones was a perfect exponent of the Nurse. But in such a play as this, if either Romeo and Juliet are in poor hands, the whole entertainment is ruined; when both are in poor hands, there is a total eclipse. In addition to the shortcomings of the actors there were many slips and delays in the stage setting—this latter because of the absence of the stage manager, Mr. Floyd—who did not arrive until Tuesday night. After Tuesday, however, everything has gone admirably. On Tuesday evening *the* success of the week occurred in the production of 'As You Like It,' which was done in a style seldom equaled. Mrs. Scott-Siddons as Rosalind was perfectly charming, acting with a grace and ease that disarms criticism. Vandenhoff was in his element as Orlando, and never did anything better. James. W. Wallack, as Jaques, shone to great advantage; his description of his meeting with Touchstone, and the 'Seven Ages of Man,' being especially prominent. Le Moyne appeared for the first time as Touchstone and gave a splendid rendering of the character. H. S. Murdoch, as Amiens, sang excellently and did well what little acting he had. Daly as the Duke, Griffiths as Adam and Mrs. Hunter as Celia, gave most excellent renderings of their respective parts. On Wednesday 'Romeo and Juliet' was repeated, and on Thursday 'Much Ado about Nothing' was presented, with Wallack as Benedick and Mrs. Scott-Siddons as Beatrice, and an otherwise fair cast. For the benefit of Mrs. Scott Siddons last night 'King Rene's Daughter' and the 'Honeymoon' were given, the fair lady appearing as Iolanthe and Julia, and Mr. Wallack playing the Duke Aranza in the latter piece. This afternoon 'As You Like It' will be presented, owing to its success on Tuesday, and this evening last night's bill of 'King Rene's Daughter' and 'Honeymoon' will be repeated, and in them Mrs. Scott Siddons will make her last appearance. On Monday next Boston's favorite, Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, who is, I suppose, the most popular leading lady that ever played in this city, will re-appear in her original *role* of Dora. Wallack will play Farmer Allen, the part formerly so well taken by Frederic Robinson, and there is great curiosity to compare the two. 'Andy Blake,' with Mary Carey in the title *role*, will be the afterpiece. 'Saratoga' will be the next attraction, and in future the theatre will be conducted on the same plan as in previous seasons. A Holland benefit is in preparation. .....At the Museum, 'Dan Mannering' still continues to draw crowds, and every one seems to go away highly pleased with the performance. It is indeed a great success, and there is no saying when it will be withdrawn. The duet between Barron and Fred. Williams draws an *encore* every night, and the rest of the singing has somewhat improved. Whenever 'Guy Mannering' is withdrawn, a new version of 'Lady Audley's Secret,' prepared by Fred. Williams especially for this establishment, will be produced.....Mr. J. B. Booth, of the Boston Theatre, exhibited praiseworthy kindness in helping out Mr. Cheney in casting the plays of the week at the Globe, whenever such help was needed. On Monday and Wednesday evening he lent him Shirley France to play Benvolio, and on Tuesday, H. S. Murdoch to play Amiens. Assistance in such times is indeed doubly kind and deserving of all praise.....After this evening Mr. Maffit retires from the management of the Adelphi, and next week the managerial reins will be taken in hand by Mr. John L. Hall, late of the Lydia Thompson Troupe, and still later of Lina Edwin's Theatre, New York. Mr. Hall made himself a great favorite while here in September with Lydia Thompson, and his return will be warmly received. The theatre will be devoted to the production of burlesques and comic operas, and I trust that it will be more successful than under former managements. Among the people announced to appear on Monday, are Emily Wiseman, Blanche Galton, Lillie Hall, Agie Wood, Emma Lewis, John L. Hall, Thomas Whiffin, Harry Josephs, J. B. Curran, John Morris, Charles Waverly, and Charley Abbott, the Irish comic. The opening bill will consist of 'Meg's Diversion,' 'Blind Beggars' and the pantomime of 'Jack and the Bean Stalk.' .....The Boston Theatre has been given over this week to the New German Opera Troupe, which is traveling under the management of Messrs. Hamen and Rosenberg of the New Stadt Theatre, New York. Max Maretzek has the directorship, and under his protection the troupe is meeting here with a most decided success. Large and fashionable audiences have been the order during the week, and the efforts of the various *artistes* have met with due appreciation. 'Fidelio' was presented on Monday evening, and in it Mad. Louise Lichtmay made her *debut* in Boston, at once establishing herself as a great favorite. She has a powerful soprano voice, quite sweet, and highly cultivated, and her acting is very good. Middle Bertha Rosedir as Marcellina did not make so decided an impression. She has only a fair voice, but her efforts are praiseworthy, even if they are not always successful. Carl Bernard made *his* first appearance, too, but owing to a severe cold he did not do himself justice. He was certainly not equal to what we had been led to expect from the verdict of other cities. Habelmann as Jacquino did well what he had to do, and Adolph Franosch, a new comer, made quite a success as Rocco. He has a good, full, rich bass, and his singing was most pleasing. On Tuesday 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' received its first performance in Boston. In it Carl Formes appears as Falstaff and his acting was perfect. His voice is but a shadow of its former self and very frequently offends the ear. Madame Lichtmay as Mrs. Ford was again very successful, and Clara Perl, who made her first appearance, was excellent as Mrs. Page. 'Faust' was given on Wednesday, with Habelman as Faust, and Mlle. Rosetti as Marguerite; Franosch was the Mephistophles, but, although at times his performance was good, yet as a whole it was not over successful. On Thursday an excellent performance of 'Don Giovanni' was given, Madame Lichtmay Donna Anna, Carl Formes the Don, and as Leporello, but his singing was bad. Last night 'Tannhauser' was given for the first time in Boston, and to those who admire 'the music of the future' it was a great treat. Madame Lichtmay was the Elizabeth and a most excellent one, too, and as a whole the cast was good. This afternoon, 'Martha;' this evening, 'Der Freischutz.' Next week is the last of the troupe, and they give the 'Jewess' on Monday, and the 'Magic Flute' on Tuesday. Frank Mayo, I understand, follows, and after him we are to have a season of the 'Twelve Temptations.' ....Charlotte Cushman paid a brief visit to this city the past week.....Walter Montgomery has remained in Boston all this week. I wish they could give him another engagement here soon. .....Kate Reignolds has been in the city for several weeks past, suffering from a severe illness.....At the Howard, Olivia Rand, Thompson, Adah Richmond, Wilson Brothers, Carrie and Charles Austin, Andy McKee and Charley Abbott have proved very attractive.....At the Adelphi, during this, its last week of the variety business, the 'Black Crook,' with Maffit, Bartholomew, the Kiraify Troupe, Prof. Sylvester and others have been the attractions.

MISS HARRY WILKINSON, Harry Jackson and Neil Warner, supported by a portion of the stock company of the Boston Theatre, Boston, Mass., performed three nights in Worcester, Mass., commencing Jan. 16th.

AT THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, "the legitimate once more assumed its sway last week, and the manner in which several attractive plays have been performed by the excellent company might be taken as a most favorable augury for the future success of Mr. E. L. Davenport and coadjutors—that is if merit may command success. The series of legitimate comedies and dramas presented during the past week included "The Wife," "Hamlet," "Love's Sacrifice," "Richard III," "Wild Oats," "Katherine and Petruchio," and "The Marble Heart." Mrs. E. L. Davenport made her re-appearance on the stage on Monday, the 16th inst., as Mariana in Knowles' play of "The Wife." Her reception was a most cordial one, and very often did the audience manifest their delight as the genius of the actress was once more revealed to them." "Love's Sacrifice" drew a very large house on Thursday evening." Mr. E. L. Davenport was deservedly applauded in his performance of "Matthew Elmore." Mrs. E. L. Davenport gave a highly artistic performance of the heroine, Margaret Elmore. Messrs. Thorne, Nagie and Phillips very fairly filled up the remaining portions of a play which was received with marked attention, and was productive of much enjoyment. Mr. E. L. Davenport's masterly impersonation on the 17th inst. of Shakespeare's master-piece, "Hamlet," was witnessed by a large and attractive audience, who evidently appreciated his highly intellectual conception and elocutionary powers. The reign of the legitimate" having proven so successful it will be continued until further notice. The present week will witness the production of the following plays:—"Hamlet," "The Wife," "Love's Sacrifice," "Wild Oats," "The Hunchback" and "The Robbers," interpreted by a company including the names of E. L. Davenport, Chas. R. Thorne, Jr., Jos. E. Nagie, W. R. Phillips, Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Miss Phillis Glover, Lilly Vining Davenport, Fannie Brelsford, Nannie Herbaria, and other artists.

THE VARIED ENTERTAINMENTS presented nightly at Fox's New American Theatre, Philadelphia, meet with a large share of public patronage. The programme last week embraced many attractive features, the most prominent acts being 'The Dutch Justice," in which Mr. D. L. Morris displayed considerable humor as a Dutch comedian; a negro interlude entitled "Sublime and Ridiculous," with Charles Howard in one of his specialities, and the acts of "The French Dancing Master" and "The Comical Dentist;" in the latter act the popular comedian, Bob Harrison, making much amusement. Jule Keen made his reappearance in a Dutch song and dance. Gus Williams' comic singing was excellent, and the various characters assumed by him had their effectiveness added to by appropriate costuming, and his various songs always met with an inevitable *encore*. Two *ballets*, "Les Fees Du Lac" and "Champagne," produced under the supervision of George W. Smith, were performed every evening—either of them being a performance that would amply repay the casual visitor. The amusing trick pantomime of "Babilios" nightly concluded the programme. Gus Williams concluded a two weeks' engagement on the 21st inst. For the present week an almost entire change of programme is announced, and the following stars will appear in addition to the regular company:—Millie Turnour, the Queen of the Air; Wambold Brothers, gymnasts; Miss Teasdale, serio-comic vocalist; Ed. Banker, Ethiopian comedian; Prof. Sharpley, concertina soloist, and George Wambold's performing troupe of dogs and monkeys. The "Family Night," every Friday, is invariably attended by large and respectable audiences, in which ladies form the majority, and on last Friday evening "standing room" was scarcely to be had.

AT THE ARCH STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, Bouclicault and Byron's sensational drama of "Lost at Sea" has been played during the past week to very good houses, and will occupy the stage until the 25th inst., when the last new work of Mr. Albery's, entitled "Coquettes," will be re-produced for that evening. "Lost at Sea" is mounted with all the care and liberality which obtained for it such celebrity last season. Considerable pains and expense have evidently been bestowed upon the great sensational effect of the play—the burning house—that being represented in a manner almost real, the flames bursting out from every portion of the stage. Since it was produced here last season there have been several changes in the company, Barton Hill now taking the character of Walter Coram, instead of Mr. Cathcart, who formerly assumed that character. R. Craig was excessively amusing as Smiley, and the remaining characters, without calling for any special comment, were well sustained. On Thursday, the 26th, "Much Ado About Nothing" will be produced. On the 27th, Buffet Rufus Adams has been tendered a complimentary benefit and will appear in "The School for Scandal." The Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe open at this theatre on the 30th inst., in the extravaganza of "Paris; or, The Apple of Discord."

THE DRAMA OF "THE GREAT CITY," after enjoying a run at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, received its final representation—for this present, at least—on the evening of the 20th inst. Saturday evening, the 21st inst., was set apart for the benefit of Mr. Charles Walcot, who has done so much to gratify the tastes of the frequenters of this theatre. The programme offered on this occasion consisted of Shakespeare's play of "King John" and the drama of "Cartouche; or, The Highwayman of Paris." Mr. Walcot justly occupies the position of a highly talented and efficient artist, and the large honors with which he was greeted was but a befitting testimony to his versatile talents. On Monday evening, the 23d inst., Miss Leona Cavender makes her first appearance in Philadelphia, at this theatre, in a new local drama, written for her by Mr. John Brougham, entitled "Minnie's Luck; or, Ups and downs of City Life." Miss Cavender's engagement is limited to six nights and a *matinee*. On the 30th inst. Mr. John S. Clarke will re-appear at this theatre, for one week only, prior to his departure for Europe.

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE, Philadelphia, continues to be very well attended, especially in the afternoon, and the management are beginning to reap the reward of their enterprise. The Wild Australian Children were exhibited here last week, and additions are constantly being made to the already large collection of curiosities. The performances in the lecture room last week consisted of the moral drama of "The Drunkard" and the comedietta entitled "Brother Bill and Me," the extravaganza of "Puss in Boots" constituting the programme presented at the Wednesday and Saturday *matinees*. In the drama of "The Drunkard" Mr. George D. Chapin, as Edward Middleton, was fitted with a character which enabled him to give a far better specimen of his dramatic ability than any in which he has appeared here. For this manner Hawk was amusing in the comedietta of "Brother Bill and Me." "The Drunkard" is announced for repetition every evening this week, with the extravaganza of "Puss in Boots" at the Wednesday *matinee*, and the comedy of "All is Not Gold that Glitters" on Saturday afternoon.

THE DRAMA OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" constituted the programme nightly presented during the past week at Dupree and Benedict's Opera House, Philadelphia, with the exception of the evenings of the 18th and 21st inst., when Joe Coburn and others appeared in a sparring entertainment. Sam Ryan enacted the character of Uncle Tom in an effective manner, but failed to receive sufficient patronage to make the enterprise a profitable one. On the 23d inst., Mr. C. Harry Franck's Dramatic Company will commence a short season at this establishment, opening in a new sensational play by J. W. Watson, entitled "The Charlatan." Mr. C. Harry Wanck will sustain four characters in the drama, and will be supported by Miss Alice Placide, Miss Susie Schenck, Mr. Sam Ryan and Mr. Willis H. Page.

E. E. WEISHAAN'S latest comedy of "Cle-Cle," is in active preparation at the New American Museum, Philadelphia, Pa., and is underlined to be produced on Monday, Jan. 30th, with new scenery, &c.

MISS ALICE PLACIDE opens a two weeks' engagement at the Seventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, Pa., on the 23d inst., under the management of Alfred Steiger.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN played in Norfolk, Va., during the past week, and the *Day Book* of Jan. 17th publishes the following notice of his performance:—

OPERA HOUSE—"Richelieu" met with a hearty indorsement last night from one of the most brilliant audiences which ever greeted a star actor in Norfolk. The beauty and intelligence of Norfolk were well represented, and the judment, as evinced by the vast attendance and judicious applause, was favorable. The audience went away gratified. The acting of Mr. Buchanan was worthy of great praise, and displayed a fire and energy worthy of the indomitable Cardinal.

P. S.—The telegraph informs us that Mr. Buchanan was struck with paralysis on the evening of the 21st inst., while performing at the above house, but it is thought that he will recover.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., are prepared to let Pike's Hall, and they advertise for a number of young ladies for a combination.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., we have the following advices on things theatrical from our correspondent, "Sir Toby," dated Jan. 15th:—"'Monte Cristo' at the California, with its *ballet* and scenical wonders, wields a fascination upon play-goers seemingly as resistless as that which led Edmund Dantes to its hidden treasures of gold and silver. Three weeks now has this fantastic romance been upon the boards, and yet the audiences number as large numbers that the proposition en'ertained early in the week for its withdrawal on next Monday in favor of other attractions, for a few nights at least, has been abandoned. By an abstract taken direct from the books of the theatre it appears that during the three weeks ending with the 14th the receipts 'Monte Cristo' is credited with having enriched the treasury amounts to the sum of $23,675.76, or an average of a little over $1,180 for each performance. This is a showing, it will be readily admitted, few, if any, theatres outside of New York can boast of having lately surpassed. Recognizing to whom this success is largely due, Mr. McCullough tendered on the 5th a benefit to the scenic artist, W. T. Porter. New *ballets*, much more attractive than those first introduced, were danced during the week, and have *ballets* were the means of disclosing to the many who could not perceive the fact the brilliant exhibitions, that Mlle. Morlacchi is mistress of a very refined school. Change also in the cast was made last Monday, which was necessitated by the withdrawal of W. R. Floyd, who left for Boston on the 9th, to assume management of the Globe. Floyd's character of the Abbe Faria has since been assumed by Mr. James Carden, who certainly invests it with deep feeling and exhibits great dramatic power, but the realization is not altogether perfect. Danglars, originally acted by Mr. Carden, is now performed by Mr. E. J. Buckley. Next Monday week, Jan. 23d, will witness the *debut* in America of Miss Rose Evans, a London actress, who arrived from Australia by the steamer of the 7th. Miss Evans, of whom play-goers in this country are not probably familiar, comes with a reputation that entitles both attention and respect. She is styled in preliminary notices a juvenile *tragedienne*, and enjoys the luxury of being thought an impersonator of Hamlet, rising above the average of which we have a report of its having been exemplified at Melbourne, when she played the Danish Prince with success against Walter Montgomery, now appearing in the same part at a rival theatre. After a season of Shakespeare with Miss Evans, 'Massianello' is to be produced in unusual splendor, with Mlle Morlacchi as the dumb girl, Fenella. Further arrangements are spoken of, and among the stars whose appearance have been secured are Fannie B. Price, Edwin Adams, J. K. Emmett, Mrs. Bowers, Charles Matthews, who is the best light comedian, the Lingards and Bandmann, who is due here from Australia in March, will probably be able to obtain an opening....At the Alhambra Theatre the number of plays that have been produced lately is really so bewildering it is not possible, with our limited facilities, to speak of them singly and in detail. Dickens was made to contribute 'Nicholas Nickeby,' and 'Oliver Twist.' Burlesque was represented by 'Field of Cloth of Gold' and 'Cinderella,' and the list was completed with the following selections from comedy and drama—'Little Mother,' 'Panchon,' 'Who Killed Cock Robin?' 'Ten nights in a Bar Room,' and 'Rough Diamond.' Miss Kitty Blanchard assumed the leading characters of all the pieces, we believe—in several instances with success. For her burlesque we confess a liking. In delightful combination her bearing is elegant and modest, and salient for vitality and archness of expression. Miss Blanchon is capable of greater things, however, than burlesque and of accomplishing those things well, as instance was given in Dickins' creation of Smike and also in Panchon, which has been the most popular of her efforts. 'Dora,' which is promised with scenic effects, will be the principal production next week.....Maguire's the Emerson Minstrels have been giving their usual fund of merry acts, and sketches. Wyndham Clarke, the Scotch tenor, has appeared, and his singing of 'Robin Redbreast,' 'The Little Lone Daisy,' together with a number of sweet melodies and martial strains of his native land, have revealed such positive merit his popularity is most deserved. Mr. Louis Braham, a celebrated tenor singer, who has recently arrived from Australia, will appear for the first time on the 16th.....The Reynolds Brothers, clog dancers, introduced here by Emerson, with whom they have appeared at Maguire's, are now connected with the Bella Union."

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AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Brooklyn, N. Y., the Holland *matinee* benefit on Thursday only yielded $100.

FROM CINCINNATI, O., we are advised by our correspondent, concerning theatrical matters, as follows, dated the 20th:—"Lingard and his troupe opened at Mozart Hall on Monday evening to a fair house, in 'Who Speaks First,' and 'David Garrick, between which Lingard sandwiched his character songs and statue impersonations, which were as popular as ever. His representations of King William, Louis Napoleon and Bismarck were both vivid and apropos. David Garrick was very fairly rendered by Geo. C. Boniface, Lingard playing Squire Chivey with humor, and Alice Dunning Lingard personating Ada Ingot. The other characters were taken by Miss D. Lingard, Mrs. Fyne Galton, J. C. Morrison, C. Alberton, H. B. Fleming, A. F. Lorraine and Henry Wickham. On Thursday evening the programme was changed to a 'Pretty Piece of Business' and 'Little Toddlekins,' in the first of which Alice Dunning Lingard and Miss D. Lingard appeared and in the last Lingard played Babicomb. With this (Thursday) evening the stay of the troupe here was brought to a sudden close. Mr. Lingard's statement is that he engaged with R. E. J. Miles to play the engagement, the latter to find hall, orchestra, and do the billing and advertising. Upon coming here he found that Mr. Miles had gone South with a circus, and so he (Lingard), met all these expenses. But the last straw came, when J. R. Hawley & Co., a book firm who had been selling seats for the performance, refused to give up the proceeds, claiming to hold them for a claim against Mr. Miles. As the business had only been fair, Mr. Lingard was unable to go on after this loss. He is to open in Detroit on Monday, 23d.....Maggie Mitchell opened her second week at Wood's Theatre to a splendid house, in 'Jane Eyre,' a version translated from the German of Madame Pfeiffer, by C. W. Tayleure. It follows the main incidents of the novel, but, with here and there some changes, particularly toward the close. Maggie Mitchell succeeded in making a pathetic part of the much abused orphan of Lowood. Mr. Macaulay appeared as Lord Rochester, and played that difficult character admirably. The Professor Blackhorst, of Harold Forsberg, Sam of E. A. Locke, and Mrs. Reed of Charlotte Crampton were also characters. The play ran till Thursday to fine houses, when Fanchon was substituted and drew an immense audience. For Saturday night Maggie Mitchell will appear as Lorle, supported by that rising actor, W. F. Burroughs, as Reinhard. The 'Pearl of Savoy' is to be given to-morrow, and on Monday, 23d, Edwin Adams opens in 'Enoch Arden.'.....Cincinnati badly needs a new first class theatre and probably will soon have one. I have already mentioned that Mr. Pike intends to enlarge the stage of his music hall and furnish a new scenery. This will take place most likely in the spring. But besides this a number of merchants are attempting to organize an association, with the design of building a theatre. Their plan is to form a joint stock company, with a capital of $200,000, to be divided into two hundred shares of $1,000 each. The building is to be erected in the middle of one of the squares within the limit of the space bounded by Vine and Plum and Fourth and Seventh streets, or where the money need be expended on outside adornments, leaving the larger portion of the funds to be used on the interior of the house. The room will be on the ground floor. One hundred thousand dollars are to be expended on the building, while the remaining $100,000 is to be used for the interior decorations, scenery and stage fixtures. The whole management will be committed to a board of directors, annually elected. Over $60,000 has been raised, $20,000 and $30,000 were pledged to the work yesterday.

AMUSEMENTS IN CHICAGO, ILL., are thus reported by our correspondent, "Justice," writing under date of Jan. 19th:—"Mrs. D. P. Bowers is delighting the patrons of McVicker's Theatre this week with the capital impersonation of Lady Audley, a *role* in which she stands pre-eminent. By saying her acting of this *role* is faultless would be repeating what has been repeated more than once by critics. Suffice it to say her portrayal of the character is as excellent as ever and fully appreciated by the audiences that nightly congregate at this temple of amusement. The play of 'Lady Audley's Secret' is one generally admired under all circumstances, but in the hands of Mrs. Bowers it is doubly interesting. The support rendered Mrs. B. is generally good and the piece is well mounted. The above piece was repeated on the 17th and 18th, and this evening, 'Mary Stuart' will be re-produced and will also be played on the 20th and 21st.....At the Opera House 'The Twelve Temptations' still hold high carnival, but not in a style sufficient to attract other than small audiences. Much disappointment must be felt by the management for the poor support received from a Chicago public. The piece for the present week.....At Aiken's Museum Robinson's comedy of 'War' was produced on Monday evening, the 16th, for the first time in the city of divorces. It was cast strongly and brought out in gorgeous scenic attire, and received ample justice on the Museum stage. Mr. J. C. Padgett was cast for the character of Col. De Rochevannes, and the manner in which he handled his part elicited much applause. The character is a strong one, and in the grand scene on the battle field was worked up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and pronounced by all to be a masterly personation. J. W. Blaisdell as Oscar De Rochevannes, was a praiseworthy impersonation. Herr Karl Hartman by J. W. Jennings, was especially noticeable for the careful manner in which it was acted, more particularly in the last act. Owen Fawcett figured conspicuously in the *role* of Capt. Sound, and seemed to be the right man in the right place. Mrs. D. R. Allen shone resplendent in the character of Lottie. Miss Susie Clure, while assuming the *role* of one of the bridesmaids, was taken suddenly ill and carried off the stage. Her illness was of a temporary nature as she re-appeared on the stage the following evening and enacted her part in good style. The entire week will be devoted to grim visaged 'War.'.....Allen's Globe Theatre caters to the amusement of the public this week by presenting the well known Irish drama 'Peep O'Day.' Unusual care has been exercised in mounting the piece in a manner superior to any of its former productions in this city. The cave scene has created great attention from the artist, J. H. Rogers, and is greatly admired by all lovers of art. The ever popular comedian, John Dillon, assumes the character of Barney O'Toole—a character in which he has but few equals. D. R. Allen's rendition of Stephen Purcell is highly pleasing and at this writing (Thursday) it could be said he represents the character of Harry Kavanagh and Capt. Peep O'Day as well received. The new leading lady, Mrs. Melissa Breslau, made her *debut* before a Chicago audience in the *role* of Kathleen, and created a favorable impression. Miss McAllister as Mary Grace, is worthy of favorable mention. The attendance is uniformly good. John Dillon is up for a benefit on to-morrow evening and will present four rattling farces."

THEATRICALS IN TROY, N. Y., are thus commented upon by our correspondent, "Mose," writing on Jan. 20th:—"The Zavistowski Sisters, Emeline and Alice, minus Christine, were the attraction at the Griswold Opera House the past week. They commenced on the 16th in the comedietta, 'The Little Rebel,' and the burlesque of "Little Don Giovanni" to a fair house. 'Little Rebel' and 'Don Giovanni' was repeated on the 17th. On the 18th, this, Friday, evening 'The Ticket of Leave Man' will be presented, with Alice as May Edwards, Emeline as Sam Willoughby, H. W. Mitchell as Bob Brierly, D. B. Van Dozrin as Melter Moss, and, by permission of Mr. Lucien Barnes, Mr. W. C. Crosbie, the Manhattan of the Trimble Opera House, Albany, will appear as Green Jones. They close their engagement on the 21st, with 'The French Spy' and 'Don Giovanni.' Business continued fair up to the time of writing. Mr. George C. Davenport and Miss Kate Quinton are worthy of special mention for the able manner in which they supported the sisters during their stay. The Kiraify Troupe is the attraction for next week."

AN AVERAGE of $1,180 for each performance is reported. This is a showing, it will be readily admitted, few, if any, theatres outside of New York can boast of having lately surpassed. Recognizing to whom this success is largely due, Mr. McCullough tendered on the 5th a benefit to the scenic artist, W. T. Porter. New *ballets*, much more attractive than those first introduced, were danced during the week, and have *ballets* were the means of disclosing to the many who could not perceive the fact the brilliant exhibitions, that Mlle. Morlacchi is mistress of a very refined school. Change also in the cast was made last Monday, which was necessitated by the withdrawal of W. R. Floyd, who left for Boston on the 9th, to assume management of the Globe. Floyd's character of the Abbe Faria has since been assumed by Mr. James Carden, who certainly invests it with deep feeling and exhibits great dramatic power, but the realization is not altogether perfect. Danglars, originally acted by Mr. Carden, is now performed by Mr. E. J. Buckley. Next Monday week, Jan. 23d, will witness the *debut* in America of Miss Rose Evans, a London actress, who arrived from Australia by the steamer of the 7th. Miss Evans, of whom play-goers in this country are not probably familiar, comes with a reputation that entitles both attention and respect. She is styled in preliminary notices a juvenile *tragedienne*, and enjoys the luxury of being thought an impersonator of Hamlet, rising above the average of which we have a report of its having been exemplified at Melbourne, when she played the Danish Prince with success against Walter Montgomery, now appearing in the same part at a rival theatre. After a season of Shakespeare with Miss Evans, 'Massianello' is to be produced in unusual splendor, with Mlle Morlacchi as the dumb girl, Fenella. Further arrangements are spoken of, and among the stars whose appearance have been secured are Fannie B. Price, Edwin Adams, J. K. Emmett, Mrs. Bowers, Charles Matthews, who is the best light comedian, the Lingards and Bandmann, who is due here from Australia in March, will probably be able to obtain an opening....At the Alhambra Theatre the number of plays that have been produced lately is really so bewildering it is not possible, with our limited facilities, to speak of them singly and in detail. Dickens was made to contribute 'Nicholas Nickeby,' and 'Oliver Twist.' Burlesque was represented by 'Field of Cloth of Gold' and 'Cinderella,' and the list was completed with the following selections from comedy and drama—'Little Mother,' 'Panchon,' 'Who Killed Cock Robin?' 'Ten nights in a Bar Room,' and 'Rough Diamond.' Miss Kitty Blanchard assumed the leading characters of all the pieces, we believe—in several instances with success. For her burlesque we confess a liking. In delightful combination her bearing is elegant and modest, and salient for vitality and archness of expression. Miss Blanchon is capable of greater things, however, than burlesque and of accomplishing those things well, as instance was given in Dickins' creation of Smike and also in Panchon, which has been the most popular of her efforts. 'Dora,' which is promised with scenic effects, will be the principal production next week.....Maguire's the Emerson Minstrels have been giving their usual fund of merry acts, and sketches. Wyndham Clarke, the Scotch tenor, has appeared, and his singing of 'Robin Redbreast,' 'The Little Lone Daisy,' together with a number of sweet melodies and martial strains of his native land, have revealed such positive merit his popularity is most deserved. Mr. Louis Braham, a celebrated tenor singer, who has recently arrived from Australia, will appear for the first time on the 16th.....The Reynolds Brothers, clog dancers, introduced here by Emerson, with whom they have appeared at Maguire's, are now connected with the Bella Union."

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THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Omaha, Neb., was closed for the season after the performance on Jan. 17th, but manager Corri announces that he will re-open it on Jan. 30th with a reorganized company and Oliver Doud Byron, as the star, who will appear in "Across the Continent." During the recess Mr. J. A. Stevens and Miss Jenny Parker, with a dramatic company, will play six nights in Sioux City, Neb., and will resume their positions in the company on the re-opening.

W. HORACE LINGARD and troupe appear at the Opera House, Detroit, Mich., for six nights, commencing Jan. 23d, under the management of J. W. Lanergan.

THE CHAPMAN SISTERS' BURLESQUE TROUPE is billed to play in the Main Street Opera House, Johnstown, Pa., three nights, commencing Jan. 30th.

S. J. B. STUDLEY AND MISS IDA VERNON closed their engagement at the Opera House, Bridgeport, Conn., on Jan. 21st., appearing on that evening in "Hamlet."

Musical.

A BRASS AND STRING BAND can be engaged for the coming season through A. B. Clifford, who advertises.

THE PERFORMANCES at the French Opera House, New Orleans, La., during the week ending Jan. 15th, were all well attended, especially on Tuesday evening, the 10th, when Adams' charming opera, "Si J'etais Roi"—If I were King—was produced; also, on the 12th, Mermet's grand martial production, entitled "Roland a Ronceveaux," was performed, both for the first time this season. Both operas were presented with new and appropriate scenery and strong casts. At the *matinee* on the 15th Rossini's beautiful "Pilie du Regiment" was sung, while in the evening "La Favorite" was again superbly sung, as also was "Roland a Ronceveaux" on Monday evening, Jan. 16th. So writes our correspondent on that date.

THE ADELAIDE PHILLIPS' CONCERT COMPANY gave their first concert at Odd Fellows' Hall, New Orleans, La., on Monday evening, Jan. 16th, to only a fair audience. Miss Phillips was in splendid voice and sang her great aria, "Una Voco Poco Fa," as only she can do it, as also the great prayer in "Le Prophete." Her part in the second part her aria from "Faust" won her perhaps the most enthusiastic *encore* of the evening. Miss Phillips has a very good company, especially in the instrumental line, with Mr. Edward Hoffman as a pianist, and Mr. J. Levi, the cornet soloist; Mr. Jules D'Hasler is a fine baritone, and was he

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A FIRST CLASS TENOR SINGER.
Address, stating terms, &c., J. L. CARNCROSS,
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LAYSON HALL, Shelbyville, Ky. Seats for 500. Population 3,000, with a rich surrounding country; on Shelby Railroad, thirty-one miles from Louisville, Ky.
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The Hall is now open for engagements. Address
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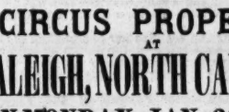

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